GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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GUY MANNERING;

OR,

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CHAPTER I.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bend the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile-a.

Winter's Tale.

LET the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath, having for the back-ground that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent; let him look along that *blind road*, by which I mean that track so slightly marked by

the passengers' footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and, being only visible to the eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished while the foot is actually treading it. Along this faintly-traced path advances the object of our present narrative. His firm step, his erect and free carriage, have a military air, which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs, and stature of six feet high. His dress is so plain and simple that it indicates nothing as to rank—it may be that of a gentleman who travels in this manner for his pleasure, or of an inferior person of whom it is the proper and usual garb. Nothing can be on a more reduced scale than his travelling equipment. A volume of Shakspeare in one pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen in the other, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations, and in this equipage we present him to our readers.

Brown had parted that morning from his friend Dudley, and begun his solitary walk towards Scotland.

The first two or three miles were rather melancholy, from want of the society to which he had of late been accustomed. But this unusual mood of his mind soon gave way to the influence of his natural good spirits, excited by the exercise and the bracing effects of the frosty air. He whistled as he went along, not "from want of thought," but to give vent to those buoyant feelings which he had no other mode of expressing. For each peasant whom he chanced to meet, he had a kind greeting or a good-humoured jest; the hardy Cumbrians grinned as they passed, and said, "That's a kind heart, God bless un!" and the market-girl looked more than once over her shoulder at the athletic form, which corresponded so well with the frank and blithe address of the stranger. A rough terrier dog, his constant companion,

who rivalled his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and came back to jump up on him, and assure him, that he participated in the pleasure of the journey. Dr Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Part of Brown's view in chusing that unusual track which leads through the eastern wilds of Cumberland into Scotland, had been a desire to view the remains of the celebrated Roman Wall, which are more visible in that direction than in any other part of its extent. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but neither the busy scenes in which he had

been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the precarious state of his own circumstances, had diverted him from the task of mental improvement. "And this then is the Roman Wall," said he, scrambling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity: "What a people! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; and our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments." Having thus moralized, he remembered that he was hungry,

and pursued his walk to a small public-house, at which he proposed to get some refreshment.

The ale-house, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of a little dell, through which trilled a small rivulet. It was shaded by a large ash tree, against which the clay-built shed, that served the purpose of a stable, was erected, and upon which it seemed partly to recline. In this shed stood a saddled horse, employed in eating his corn. The cottages in this part of Cumberland partake of the rudeness which characterizes those of Scotland. The outside of this house promised little for the interior, notwithstanding the vaunt of a sign, where a tankard of ale voluntarily decanted itself into a tumbler, and a hieroglyphical scrawl below attempted to express a promise of "good entertainment for men and horse." Brown was no fastidious traveller—he stooped and entered the cabaret.

The first object which caught his eye in

the kitchen, was a tall, stout, country-looking man, in a large jockey great-coat, the owner of the horse which stood in the shed, who was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time an eye through the window, to see how his steed sped with his provender. A large tankard of ale flanked his plate of victuals, to which he applied himself by intervals. The good woman of the house was employed in baking. The fire, as is usual in that country, was made on a stone hearth in the midst of an immensely large chimney, which had two seats extended beneath the vent. On one of these sat a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, with the appearance of a tinker or beggar. She was busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the deal table, placed a wooden trencher and knife and fork be-

fore the traveller, pointed to the round of beef, recommended Mr Dinmont's good example, and, finally, filled a brown pitcher with her home-brewed. Brown lost no time in doing ample credit to both. For a while his opposite neighbour and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humoured nod as each in turn raised the tankard to his head. At length, when our pedestrian began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr Dinmont, found himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

"A bonnie terrier that, sir—and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that."

"Really, sir, his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion."

"Ay, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon—it's a great pity that—beast or body, education should aye be minded. I

have six terriers at hame, forbye other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard—I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens—then wi' stots or weazles—and then wi' the tods and brocks—and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't."

"I have no doubt, sir, they are thorough bred—but, to have so many dogs, you seem to have a very limited variety of names for them?"

"O, that's a fancy o' my ain to mark the breed, sir—The deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlies-hope to get ane o' Dandy Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard terriers. Lord, man, he sent Jamie Grieve the keeper, and sicken a day as we had wi' the foumarts and the tods, and sicken a blithe gae-down as we had again e'en! Faith, that was a night!"

"I suppose game is very plenty with you?"

"Plenty, man!—I believe there's mair hares than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl, or the grey-fowl, they lie as thick as doo's in a dooket—Did ye ever shoot a black-cock, man?"

"Really I had never even the pleasure to see one, except in the museum at Keswick."

"There now—I could guess that by your Southland tongue. It's very odd of these English folk that come here, how few of them has seen a black-cock!—I'll tell you what—ye seem to be an honest lad, and if you'll call on me—on Dandy Dinmont—at Charlies-hope—ye shall see a black-cock, and shoot a black-cock, and eat a black-cock too, man."

"Why, the proof of the matter is the eating to be sure, sir; and I shall be happy if I can find time to accept your invitation."

"Time, man? what ails ye to gae hame wi' me now? how do you travel?"

"On foot, sir; and if that handsome

poney be yours, I should find it impossible to keep up with you."

"No unless ye can walk up to fourteen mile an hour—But ye can come ower the night as far as Riccarton, where there is a public—or if ye like to stop at Jockey Grieve's at the Heuch, they would be blithe to see ye, and I am just gaun to stop and drink a dram at the door wi' him, and I would tell him you're coming up—or stay, —gudewife, could ye lend this gentleman the gudeman's galloway, and I'll send it ower the Waste in the morning wi' the callant?"

The galloway was turned out upon the fell, and was swear to catch—"Aweel, aweel, there's nae help for't, but come up the morn at ony rate.—And now, gudewife, I maun ride, to get to the Liddel or it be dark, for your Waste has but a kittle character, ye ken yoursell."

"Fie, fie, Mr Dinmont, that's no like you to gie the country an ill name—I wot, there has been nane stirred in the Waste since Sawney Culloch, the travel-

ling merchant, that Rowley Overdees and Jock Penny suffered for at Carlisle twa year since. There's no ane in Bewcastle would do the like o' that now—we be a' true folk now."

"Aye, Tib, that will be when the deil's blind,—and his e'en's no sair yet. But hear ye, gudewife, I have been through maist feck o' Galloway and Dumfries-shire, and I have been round by Carlisle, and I was at the Staneshiebank fair the day, and I would like ill to be rubbit sae near hame, so I'll take the gate."

"Hae ye been in Dumfries and Galloway?" said the old dame, who sate smoking by the fire-side, and who had not yet spoke a word.

"Troth have I, gudewife, and a weary round I've had o't."

"Then ye'll maybe ken a place they ca' Ellangowan?"

"Ellangowan, that was Mr Bertram's?—I ken the place weel eneugh. The Laird died about a fortnight since, as I heard."

"Dead!"—said the old woman, dropping her pipe, rising and coming forward upon the floor—"dead!—are ye sure of that?"

"Troth, am I," said Dinmont, "for it made nae sma' noise in the country-side. He died just at the roup of the stocking and furniture; it stoppit the roup, and mony folk were disappointed. They said he was the last of an auld family too, and mony were sorry—for gude blude's scarcer in Scotland than it has been."

"Dead!" replied the old woman, whom our readers have already recognized as their acquaintance Meg Merrilies—"dead! that quits a' scores. And did ye say he died without an heir?"

"Aye, did he, gudewife, and the estate's sell'd by the same token; for they said, they could nae have sell'd it, if there had been an heir-male."

"Sell'd!" echoed the gypsey, with something like a scream, "and wha durst buy Ellangowan that was not of Bertram's

blude ?—and wha could tell whether the bonny knave-bairn may not come back to claim his ain ?—wha durst buy the estate and the castle of Ellangowan ?"

"Troth, gudewife, just ane o' thae writer chields that buys a' thing—they ca' him Glossin, I think."

"Glossin !—Gibbie Glossin !—that I have carried in my creels a hundred times, for his mother was nae muckle better than mysell—he to presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan !—Gude be wi' us—it is an awfu' warld !—I wished him ill—but no sick a downfall as a' that neither—waes me ! waes me to think o't !"—She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the farmer's retreat, who, betwixt every question, was about to turn his back, but good-humouredly stopped on observing the deep interest his answers appeared to excite.

"It will be seen and heard of—earth and sea will not hold their peace langer !—Can ye say if the same man be now the

Sheriff of the county, that has been sae for some years past?"

"Na, he's got some other birth in Edinburgh, they say—but gudeday, gudewife, I maun ride."—She followed him to his horse, and, while he drew the girths of his saddle, adjusted the walise, and put on the bridle, still plied him with questions concerning Mr Bertram's death, and the fate of his daughter; on which, however, she could obtain little information from the honest farmer.

"Did ye ever see a place they ca' Derncleugh, about a mile frae the Place of Ellangowan?"

"I wot weel have I, gudewife,—a wild-looking den it is, wi' a whin auld wa's o' shealings yonder—I saw it when I gaed ower the ground wi' ane that wanted to take the farm."

"It was a blithe bit ance!" said Meg, speaking to herself—"Did ye notice if there was an auld saugh tree that's maist blawn down, but yet its roots are in the earth, and it hangs ower the bit burn—

mony a day hae I wrought my stocking, and sat on my sunkie under that saugh."

"Hout, deil's i' the wife, wi' her saughs, and her sunkies, and Ellangowans—God-sake, woman, let me away—there's saxpence t'ye to buy half a mutchkin, instead o' clavering about thae auld warld stories."

"Thanks to ye, good-man—and now ye hae answered a' my questions, and never speired wherefore I asked them, I'll gie you a bit canny advice, and ye mauna speir what for neither. Tib Mumps will be out wi' the stirrup-dram in a gliffing—She'll ask ye whether ye gang ower Willie's brae, or through Conscowthart-moss—tell her ony ane ye like, but be sure (speaking low and emphatically) to tak the ane ye dinna tell her." The farmer laughed and promised, and the gypsey retreated.

"Will you take her advice?" said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

"That will I no—the randy queen!—Na, I had far rather Tib Mumps kenn'd which way I was gaun than her—though Tib's no

muckle to lippen to neither, and I would wish ye on no account to stay in the house a' night."

In a moment after, Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stirrup-cup, which was taken off. She then, as Meg had predicted, enquired whether he went the hill or the moss road. He answered, the latter; and, having bid Brown good-bye, and again told him, "he depended on seeing him at Charlies-hope, the morn at latest," he rode off at a round pace.

CHAPTER II.

> Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway.
>
> *Winter's Tale.*

THE hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But, while he paid his reckoning, he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merrilies. She was, in all respects, the same witch-like figure as when we first introduced her at Ellangowan-Place. Time had grizzled her raven locks, and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired. It was remarked of this woman, as of others of the same description, that a life of action, though not of labour, gave her the perfect command of her limbs and figure, so that the attitudes into which she most naturally threw herself, were free.

unconstrained, and picturesque. At present, she stood by the window of the cottage, her person drawn up so as to shew to full advantage her masculine stature, and her head somewhat thrown back, that the large bonnet, with which her face was shrouded, might not interrupt her steady gaze at Brown. At every gesture he made, and every tone he uttered, she seemed to give an almost imperceptible start. On his part, he was surprised to find that he [illegible]uld not look upon this singular figure [illegible]ut some emotion. "Have I dream- [illegible] such a figure?" he said to himself, [illegible]es this wild and singular-looking [illegible]n recal to my recollection some of [illegible] strange figures I have seen in our In- [illegible]an pagodas?"

While he embarrassed himself with these discussions, and the hostess was engaged in rummaging out silver in change of half-a-guinea, the gypsey suddenly made two strides, and seized Brown's hand. He expected, of course, a display of her skill in

palmistry, but she seemed agitated by other feelings.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me in the name of God, young man, what is your name, and whence you came?"

"My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies."

"From the East Indies!" dropping his hand with a sigh, "it cannot be then—I am such an auld fool, that every thing I look on seems the thing I want maist to see. But the Ea[illegible] Indies!—that cannot be—Weel, be what ye will, ye hae a face [illegible] a tongue that puts me in mind o[illegible] times. Good day—make haste [illegible] road, and if ye see ony of our folk, m[illegible] not and make not, and they'll do you [illegible] harm."

Brown, who had by this time received his change, put a shilling into her hand, bade his hostess farewell, and, taking the route which the farmer had gone before, walked briskly on, with the advantage of being guided by the fresh hoof-prints of

his horse. Meg Merrilies looked after him for some time, and then muttered to herself, "I maun see that lad again—and I maun gang back to Ellangowan too.—The Laird's dead—a weel, death pays a' scores—he was a kind man ance.—The Sheriff's flitted, and I can keep canny in the bush—so there's no muckle hazard o' scouring the cramp-ring.—I would like to see bonny Ellangowan again or I die."

Brown, meanwhile, proceeded at a round pace along the moorish track called the Waste of Cumberland. He passed a solitary house, towards which the horseman who preceded him had apparently turned up, for his horse's tread was evident in that direction. A little farther, he seemed to have returned again into the road. Mr Dinmont had probably made a visit there either of business or pleasure. "I wish," thought Brown, "the good farmer had staid till I came up; I should not have been sorry to ask him a few questions

about the road, which seems to grow wilder and wilder."

In truth, nature, as if she had designed this track of country to be the barrier between two hostile nations, has stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass; the huts poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other. Around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; but a half-bred foal or two, straggling about with shackles on their hind-legs, to save the trouble of inclosures, intimate the farmer's chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than are elsewhere to be found in Cumberland, arising partly from their own habits, partly from their intermixture with vagrants and criminals, who make this wild country a refuge from justice. So much were the men of these districts in

early times the objects of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neighbours, that there was, and perhaps still exists, a bye-law of the corporation of Newcastle, prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pithily said, "Give a dog an ill name and hang him;" and it may be added, if you give a man, or race of men, an ill name, they are very likely to do something that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something, and suspected more, from the discourse between the landlady, Dinmont, and the gypsey; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him that would tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the *waste* with day-light. In this last particular he was likely to be disappointed. The way proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy, just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Chusing his steps with care and deli-

beration, he proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines, filled with a consistence between mud and water, and sometimes along heaps of gravel and stones, which had been swept together when some torrent or water-spout from the neighbouring hills overflowed the marshy ground below. He began to ponder how a horseman could make his way through such broken ground; the traces of the hoofs, however, were still visible; he even thought he heard their sound at some distance, and, convinced that Mr Dinmont's progress through the morass must be still slower than his own, he resolved to push on, in hopes to overtake him, and have the benefit of his knowledge of the country. At this moment his little terrier sprang forward, barking most furiously.

Brown quickened his pace, and, attaining the summit of a small rising ground, saw the subject of the dog's alarm. In a

hollow, about a gun-shot below him, a man, whom he easily recognized to be Dinmont, was engaged with two others in a desperate struggle. He was dismounted, and defending himself as he best could with the butt of his heavy whip. Our traveller hastened on to his assistance; but, ere he could get up, a blow had levelled the farmer with the earth, and one of the robbers, improving his victory, struck him some merciless strokes on the head. The other villain, hastening to meet Brown, called to his companion to come along, "for that one's *content*," meaning, probably, past resistance or complaint. One ruffian was armed with a cutlass, the other with a bludgeon; but as the road was pretty narrow, "bar fire-arms," thought Brown, "and I may manage them well enough." They met accordingly, with the most murderous threats on the part of the ruffians. They soon found, however, that their new opponent was equally stout and resolute; and, after exchanging two

or three blows, one of them told him to "follow his nose over the heath, in the devil's name, for they had nothing to say to him."

Brown rejected this composition, as leaving to their mercy the unfortunate man whom they were about to pillage, if not to murder outright; and the skirmish had just recommenced, when Dinmont unexpectedly recovered his senses, his feet, and his weapon, and hasted to the scene of action. As he had been no easy antagonist, even when surprised and alone, the villains did not chuse to wait his joining forces with a man who had singly proved a match for them both, but fled across the bog as fast as their feet could carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the heels of the enemy, and repeatedly effecting a moment's diversion in his master's favour.

"Deil, but your dog's weel entered wi' the vermin now," were the first words ut-

tered by the jolly farmer, as he came up, his head streaming with blood, and recognized his deliverer and his attendant.

"I hope, sir, you are not hurt dangerously?"

"O, deil a bit—my head can stand a gay clour—nae thanks to them though, and mony to you. But now, hinney, ye maun help me to catch the beast, and ye maun get on behint me, for we maun off like whittrets before the whole clanjamfray be down upon us; the rest o' them will not be far off." The galloway was, by good fortune, easily caught, and Brown made some apology for overloading the animal.

"Deil a fear, man," answered the proprietor, "Dumple could carry six folk, if his back was lang aneugh—but God's sake haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder, that it may be just as weel no to wait for."

Brown was of opinion, that this apparition of five or six men coming across the

moss towards them should abridge ceremony; he therefore mounted Dumple *en croupe*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing, with much dexterity, to chuse the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner, by which they could be most safely crossed. Yet, even with these advantages, the road was so broken, and they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much on their pursuers. "Never mind," said the undaunted Scotchman to his companion, "if we were ance by Withershins' latch, the road's no near sae saft, and we'll show them fair play for't."

They soon came to the place he named,

a narrow channel, through which soaked, rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green mosses. Dinmont directed his steed towards a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a harder bottom; but Dumple backed from the proposed crossing place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretched forward his fore-feet, and stood as fast as if he had been cut out of stone.

"Had we not better," said Brown, "dismount and leave him to his fate—or can you not urge him through the swamp?"

"Na, na," said his pilot, "we maun cross Dumple at no rate—he has mair sense than mony a Christian." So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. "Come now, lad, take your ain way o't—let's see where ye'll take us through."

Dumple, left to the freedom of his own will, trotted briskly to another part of the *latch*, less promising, as Brown thought, in

appearance, but which the animal's sagacity or experience recommended as the safer of the two, and where, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

"I'm glad we're out o' that moss," said Dinmont, "where there's mair stables for horses than change-houses for men—we have the *Maiden-way* to help us now at ony rate." Accordingly, they speedily gained a sort of rugged causeway so called, being the remains of an old Roman road, which traverses these wild regions in a due northerly direction. Here they got on at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, Dumple seeking no other respite than what arose from changing his pace from canter to trot. "I could gar him show mair action," said his master, "but we are twa lang-leggit chields after a', and it would be a pity to stress Dumple—there was na the like o' him at Staneshiebank fair the day." Brown readily assented to the propriety of sparing the

horse, and added, that, as they were now far out of reach of the rogues, he thought Mr Dinmont had better tie a handkerchief round his head, for fear of the cold frosty air aggravating the wound.

"What would I do that for?" answered the hardy farmer; "The best way's to let the blood barken upon the cut—that saves plaisters, hinney."*

Brown, who in his military profession had seen a great many hard blows pass, could not help remarking, "he had never known such severe strokes received with so much apparent indifference."

"Hout, tout, man—I would never be making a hum-dudgeon about a scart on the pow—but we'll be in Scotland in five minutes now, and ye maun gang up to Charlies-hope wi' me, that's a clear case."

Brown readily accepted the offered hospitality. Night was now falling, when they came in sight of a pretty river winding its way through a pastoral country. The hills were greener and more abrupt

than those which Brown had lately passed, sinking their grassy sides at once upon the river. They had no pretensions to magnificence of height or to romantic shapes, nor did their smooth swelling slopes exhibit either rocks or woods. Yet the view was wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. No inclosures, no roads, almost no tillage—it seemed a land which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower, showed that it had once harboured beings of a very different description from its present inhabitants; those freebooters, namely, to whose exploits the wars between England and Scotland bear witness.

Descending by a path towards a well-known ford, Dumple crossed the small river, and then, quickening his pace, trotted about a mile briskly up its banks, and approached two or three low thatched houses, placed with their angles to each other, with a great contempt of regulari-

ty. This was the farm-steading of Charlies-hope, or, in the language of the country, "the Town." A most furious barking was set up at their approach, by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer made his well-known voice lustily heard to restore order—the door opened, and a half-dressed ewe-milker, who had done that good office, shut it in their faces, in order that she might run *ben the house*, to cry, "Mistress, mistress, it's the master, and another man wi' him." Dumple, turned loose, walked to his own stable-door, and there pawed and whinnied for admission, in strains which were answered by his acquaintances from the interior. Amid this bustle, Brown was fain to secure Wasp from the other dogs, who, with ardour corresponding more to their own names than to the hospitable temper of their owner, were much disposed to use the intruder roughly.

In about a minute a stout labourer was

patting Dumple, and introducing him into the stable, while Mrs Dinmont, a well-looked buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. "Eh, sirs! gudeman, ye hae been a weary while away!"

CHAPTER III.

Liddell till now, except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song—though not a purer stream
Rolls towards the western main.

Art of Preserving Health.

THE present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and the manners I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without losing their rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessions, but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their habits of life regulated so as better to keep pace with those of the civilized world, and the best

of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and, while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character, and restrained in its excesses.

"Deil's in the wife," said Dandy Dinmont, shaking off his spouse's embrace, but gently, and with a look of great affection; "deil's in ye, Ailie—d'ye no see the stranger gentleman?"

Ailie turned to make her apology—"Troth, I was sae weel pleased to see the gudeman, that—But, good gracious, what's the matter wi' ye baith!"—for they were now in her little parlour, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont's wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. "Ye've been fighting again, Dandy, wi' some o' the Bew-

castle horse-coupers! Wow, man, a married man, wi' a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father's life's worth in the warld."—The tears stood in the good woman's eyes as she spoke.

"Whisht! whisht! gudewife," said her husband, with a smack that had much more affection than ceremony in it, "Never mind—never mind—there's a gentleman that will tell you, that just when I had ga'en up to Lourie Lowther's, and had biddin the drinking of twa cheerers, and gotten just in again upon the moss, and was whigging cannily awa hame, twa land-loupers jumpit out of a peat-hag on me or I was thinking, and got me down, and knevelled me sair aneuch, or I could gar my whip walk about their lugs—and troth, gudewife, if this honest gentleman hadna come up, I would have gotten mair licks than I like, and lost mair siller than I could weel spare; so ye maun be thankful to him for it, under God." With that he drew from his side-pocket a large greasy

leather pocket-book, and bade the gudewife lock it up in his kist.

"God bless the gentleman, and e'en God bless him wi' a' my heart—but what can we do for him, but to gie him the meat and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth—unless (her eye directed to the pocket-book, but with a feeling of natural propriety which made the inference the most delicate possible,) unless there was ony other way"——Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of simplicity and grateful generosity which took the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy; he was aware his own appearance, plain at best, and now torn and spattered with blood, made him an object of pity at least, and perhaps of charity. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a captain in the —— regiment of cavalry, travelling for pleasure, and upon foot, both from motives of independence and economy; and he begged his kind landlady would look

at her husband's wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs Dinmont was used to her husband's broken heads more than to the presence of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at a table cloth, not quite clean, and conned over her proposed supper a minute or two, before, patting her husband on the shoulder, she bade him sit down for "a hard-headed loon, that was aye bringing himsell and other folk into collie-shangies."

When Dandy Dinmont, after executing two or three caprioles, and cutting the Highland-fling, by way of ridicule of his wife's anxiety, at last deigned to sit down, and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The goodwife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery—she cut away with her scissars the gory locks, whose stiffened and coagulated clusters interfered with

her operations, and clapped on the wound some lint, besmeared with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale, (which afforded upon Fair nights considerable experience of such cases)—she then fixed her plaister with a bandage, and, spite of her patient's resistance, pulled over all a night-cap, to keep every thing in its right place. Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with brandy, which the patient did not permit till the medicine had paid a heavy toll to his mouth. Mrs Dinmont then simply, but candidly, offered her assistance to Brown.

He assured her he had no occasion for any thing but the accommodation of a bason and towel.

"And that's what I should have thought of sooner," she said, "and I did think o't, but I durst na open the door; for there's a' the bairns, poor things, sae keen to see their father."

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlour,

which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed it by fastening the bolt as soon as she heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the bason and towel, (for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room,) a whole tide of white-headed urchins streamed in, some from the stable, where they had been seeing Dumple, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours scones; others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to auld Elspith's tales and ballads; and the youngest half-naked, out of bed, all roaring to see daddy, and to enquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his peregrinations. Our knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny-trumpets, and gingerbread; and, lastly, when the tumults of their joy and welcome got beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest—"This is a' the gudewife's fault, captain—she will gie the bairns a' their ain way."

"Me! Lord help me," said Ailie, who at that instant entered with the bason and ewer, "how can I help it?—I have naething else to gie them, poor things!"

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing, threats, and shoving, cleared the room of all the intruders, excepting a boy and girl, the two eldest of the family, who could, as he observed, behave themselves "distinctly." For the same reason, but with less ceremony, all the dogs were kicked out, excepting the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality, that, after mutual explanation and remonstrance in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep beneath his master's chair, to a share of a dried wedder's skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unshorn, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearth-rug.

The active bustle of the mistress (so she

was called in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlour) had already signed the fate of a couple of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared reeking from the gridiron, or brander, as Mrs Dinmont denominated it. A huge piece of cold beef-ham, eggs, butter, cakes, and barley-meal bannocks in plenty, made up the entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality, and a case-bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would find fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise, and a skirmish to boot; accordingly Brown did great honour to the eatables. While the goodwife partly aided, partly instructed, a great stout servant girl, with cheeks as red as her top-knot, to remove the supper matters, and supply sugar and hot water, (which, in the damsel's anxiety to gaze upon an actual live captain, she was in some danger of forgetting,) Brown took an opportunity to ask his host, whether he did not repent of having neglected the gypsey's hint.

"Wha kens?" answered he; "they're queer devils;—maybe I might just have 'scaped ae gang to meet the other. And yet I'll no say that neither; for if that randy wife was coming to Charlies-hope, she should have a pint bottle o' brandy and a pound o' tobacco to wear her through the winter. They're queer devils, as my auld father used to say—they're warst where they're warst guided—there's baith gude and ill about the gypsies."——

This, and some other desultory conversation, served as a "shoeing-horn" to draw on another cup of ale and another *cheerer*, as Dinmont termed it in his country phrase, of brandy and water. Brown then resolutely declined all farther conviviality for that evening, pleading his own uneasiness and the effects of the skirmish,—being well aware that it would have availed nothing to have remonstrated with his host on the danger that excess might have occasioned to his own raw wound and bloody coxcomb. A very

small bed-room, but a very clean bed, received the traveller, and the sheets made good the courteous vaunt of the hostess, "that they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi' the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonnie white gowans, and beetled by Nelly and hersell, and what could woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?"

They indeed rivalled snow in whiteness, and had, besides, a pleasant fragrance from the manner in which they had been bleached. Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveller's senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

CHAPTER IV.

Give ye, Britons, then——
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

BROWN rose early in the morning, and walked out to look at the establishment of his new friend. All was rough and neglected in the neighbourhood of the house;—a paltry garden, no pains taken to make the vicinity dry or comfortable, and a total absence of all those little neatnesses which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were, notwithstanding, evident signs that this arose only from want of taste or ignorance, not from poverty, or the negligence

which attends it. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk cows, a feeding-house, with ten bullocks of the most approved breed, a stable with two good teams of horses, the appearance of domestics active, industrious, and apparently contented with their lot; in a word, an air of liberal though sluttish plenty indicated the wealthy farmer. The situation of the house above the river formed a gentle declivity, which relieved the inhabitants of the nuisances which might otherwise have stagnated around them. At a little distance was the whole band of children, playing and building houses with peats round a huge doddered oak tree, which was called Charlie's-Bush, from some tradition respecting an old freebooter who had once inhabited the spot. Between the farm-house and the hill pasture was a deep morass, termed in that country a slack; it had once been the defence of a fortalice, of which no vestiges now remained, but which was

said to have been inhabited by the same doughty hero we have now alluded to. Brown endeavoured to make some acquaintance with the children, but "the rogues fled from him like quicksilver"— though the two eldest stood peeping when they had got to some distance. The traveller then turned his course towards the hill, crossing the aforesaid swamp by a range of stepping-stones, neither the broadest nor steadiest that could be imagined. He had not climbed far up the hill when he met a man descending.

He soon recognized his worthy host, though a *maud*, as it is called, or a grey shepherd's plaid, supplied his travelling jockey coat, and a cap, faced with wild-cat's fur, more commodiously covered his bandaged head than a hat would have done. As he appeared through the morning mist, Brown, accustomed to judge of men by their thewes and sinews, could not help admiring his height, the breadth of his shoulders, and the steady firmness

of his step. Dinmont internally paid the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now perused somewhat more at leisure than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings of the morning, the guest enquired whether his host found any inconvenient consequences from the last night's affray.

"I had maist forgotten't," said the hardy Borderer, "but I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Withershins' Latch, wi' ilka ane a gude oak souple in his hand, we wadna turn back, no for half a dozen o' yon scaff-raff."

"But are you prudent, my good sir, not to take an hour or two's repose after receiving such severe contusions?"

"Confusions! lord, Captain, naething confuses my head—I ance jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had tumbled from the tap o' Christenbury Craig; and that might have confused me to pur-

pose. Na, naething confuses me, unless it be a screed o' drink at an orra time. Besides, I behooved to be round the hirsel this morning, and see how the herds were coming on—they're apt to be negligent wi' their foot-balls, and fairs, and trysts, when ane's away. And there I met wi' Tam o' Todshaw, and a whin o' the rest o' the billies on the water side; they're a' for a fox-hunt this morning,—ye'll gang? I'll gie you Dumple, and take the brood mare mysell."

"But I fear I must leave you, Mr Dinmont."

"The fiend a bit o' that—I'll no part wi' you at ony rate for a fortnight mair—Na, na; we dinna meet sic friends as you on a Bewcastle moss every night."

Brown had not designed his journey should be a speedy one; he therefore readily compounded with this hearty invitation, by agreeing to pass a week at Charlies-hope.

On their return to the house, where the goodwife presided over an ample break-fast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. "Dand! ye're the auld man yet—naething will make ye take warning till ye're brought hame some day wi' your feet foremost."

"Tut, lass! ye ken yoursell I am never a prin the waur o' my rambles."

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in dispatching his breakfast, as, "the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning primely."

Out they sallied accordingly for Otter-scope-scaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the re-

mains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making towards the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills, where it was barely possible for a poney, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged, or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain-ridge, overhanging a glen of great

depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have shocked a member of the Pychely Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth, and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brush-wood, or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves; almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of

large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal, and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of fox-hounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low degree, filled up the burthen of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash, in readiness to slip them at the fox, as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye

of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain-ridge, having the sky for their back-ground, appeared to move in air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips, which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent, the whole so diminished by depth and distance, that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists

close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertion are the halloos of the men, and clamours of the hounds, ascending, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one strong-hold to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all had been followed; four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden a tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the Nabob of Arcot, professed to have received a day's excellent

amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlies-hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which he could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the goodwife prepared for their reception—the fold and the poultry-yard fur-

nished the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

CHAPTER V.

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene,
They were a gallant company!
Ballad of Johnnie Armstrong.

Without noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon-hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practised at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night,

but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire-grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar-barrels, which shed a strong, though partial, light upon the water. Upon the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill-wear, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavoured to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications; the twinkling of a fin, the rising of an air-bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but as Brown was not practised to use the spear, he soon tired of making efforts, which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his own satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters, like those which, according to

the legends of the country, the water-kelpy sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tinging them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed, by the same red glare, into a colour which might have befitted the regions of Pandæmonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farm-house, gazing in his way at the other persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their

spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanour Brown had already noticed with surprise—"Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow."—Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

"Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel!—haud him down—ye hae nae the pith o' a cat!"—were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those who were on the bank, to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the cur-

rent, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out—"Hold up your torch, friend huntsman," for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon it by the blaze; but the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, in the water.

"The deil's in Gabriel!" said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream—"the deil's in the man!—I'll never master him without the light—and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o' cleeks."—Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behaviour of the huntsman struck

Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation. Could he be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before?—The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man's figure and face. To be sure the villains wore their hats much slouched, had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been kil[illegible]d within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cottars, de-

pendants, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savoury addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which were the principal part of their winter food. In the meanwhile a liberal distribution of ale and whiskey was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish,—two or three salmon, namely, plunged into a cauldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savoury mess reeked on an oaken table, massy enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry-men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter, and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveller looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox-hunter, but it was no where to be seen.

At length he hazarded a question con-

cerning him. "That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish."

"Awkward!" returned a shepherd, looking up, (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon,) he deserved his paiks for't—to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters!—I'm weel convinced Gabriel dropped the *roughies* in the water on purpose—he does na like to see ony body do a thing better than himsell."

"Aye," said another, "he's sair shamed o' himsell, else he would have been up here the night—Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us."

"Is he of this country?" said Brown.

"Na, na, he's been but shortly in office, but he's a fell hunter—he's frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side."

"And what's his name, pray?"

"Gabriel."

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh Lord kens that; we dinna mind folks after-names muckle here, they rin sae much into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow—"the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots, and sic like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlies-hope—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kenn'd by sorts o' bye-names some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Dewke's Gibbie, or may be, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment, as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think ony body kens him by ony other name—But it's no right to rin him down ahint his back, for he's a

fell fox-hunter, though he's may be no just sae clever as some o' the folk here awa wi' the waster."

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy their mirth unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlies-hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot but for the good women; for several of the neighbouring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch-bowl was so often replenished, that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revellers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bac-

chus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day, and a badger-baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily.—I hope our traveller will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him, that upon this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore-foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged as a particular and personal favour of Mr Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defence, should be permitted to retire to his earth without farther molestation. The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder.—"Weel," he said, "that's queer aneugh! But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him

mair in my day—we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the Captain's brock—and I'm sure I'm glad I can do ony thing to oblige you but, Lord safe us, to care about a brock!"

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel, and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favourite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure; and he was obliged to promise twenty times that he would soon return and play over all their favourite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart—"Come back again, Captain," said one little sturdy fellow, "and Jenny will be your wife."—Jenny was about eleven years old—she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

"Captain, come back," said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth up

to be kissed, "and I'll be your wife my ain sell."

They must be of harder mould than I who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference. The good dame too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest—"It's little the like of us can do," she said, "little indeed—but yet—if there were but ony thing"——

"Now, my dear Mrs Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request—would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a grey plaid as the goodman wears?"—He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

"A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us," said the goodwife brightening, "if ye should nae hae that, and as gude a

tweel as ever came aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn.—Fare ye weel, sir;—and may ye be just as happy yoursell as ye like to see a' body else—and that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention, that our traveller left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

"A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,"

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favour of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon-fires. But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced, that any one chuses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him upon horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfries-shire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the

fox-hunter; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. "He was a shake-rag like fellow," he said, "and he dared to say, had gypscy blood in his veins—but at ony rate he was nane o' the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss—he would ken them weel if he saw them again.—There were some no bad folk amang the gypsies too, to be sick a gang—if ever I see that auld randle-tree of a wife again, I'll gie her something to buy tobacco—I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a'."——

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, "Captain, the woo's sae weel up the year, that it's paid a' the rent, and we have naething to do wi' the rest o' the siller, when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o' duds—now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it's ower

muckle to ware on brandy and sugar—now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursells up a step, and if a hundred or twa would help ye on sic an occasion, the bit scrape o' your pen would be as gude to me as the siller, and ye might just take ye're ain time of settling it—it wad be a great convenience to me." Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favour, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

CHAPTER VI.

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face that I may die.
JOANNA BAILLIE.

OUR traveller hired a post-chaise at the place where he separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippletringan, there to enquire into the state of the family at Woodbourne, before he should venture to make his presence in the country known to Miss Mannering. The stage was a long one of eighteen or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, the snow began to fall pretty quickly. The postillion, however, proceeded upon his way for a good many miles, without expressing doubts or hesitation. It was not until the night was com-

pletely set in that he intimated his doubts whether he were in the right road. The increasing snow rendered this intimation rather alarming, for as it drove full in the lad's face, and lay whitening all around him, it served in two different ways to confuse his knowledge of the country, and to diminish the chance of his recovering the right track. Brown then himself got out and looked round, not, it may be well imagined, from any better hope than that of seeing some house at which he might make enquiry. But none appeared—he could therefore only tell the lad to drive steadily on. The road on which they were, run through plantations of considerable extent and depth, and the traveller therefore conjectured, that there must be a gentleman's house at no great distance. At length, after struggling wearily on for about a mile, the post-boy stopped, and protested his horses would not budge a foot farther; "but he saw," he said, "a light among the trees, which must proceed from

a house; the only way was to enquire the road there." Accordingly he dismounted, heavily encumbered with a long great coat, and a pair of boots which might have rivalled in thickness the sevenfold shield of Ajax. As in this guise he was plodding forth upon his voyage of discovery, Brown's impatience prevailed, and, jumping out of the carriage, he desired the lad to stop where he was, by the horses, and he would himself go to the house—a command which the driver joyfully obeyed.

He groped along the side of the inclosure from which the light glimmered, in order to find some mode of approaching in that direction, and after proceeding for some space, at length found a stile in the hedge, and a pathway leading into the plantation, which in that place was of great extent. This promised to lead to the light which was the object of his search, and accordingly Brown proceeded.

in that direction, but soon totally lost sight of it among the trees. The path, which at first seemed broad, and well marked by the opening of the wood through which it winded, was now less easily distinguishable, although the whiteness of the snow afforded some reflected light to assist his search. Directing himself as much as possible through the more open parts of the wood, he proceeded almost a mile without either recovering a view of the light, or seeing any thing resembling a habitation. Still, however, he thought it best to persevere in that direction. It must surely have been a light in the hut of a forester, for it shone too steadily to be the glimmer of an *ignis fatuus*. The ground at length became broken, and declined rapidly, and although Brown conceived he still moved along what had once at least been a path-way, it was now very unequal, and the snow concealing those breaches and inequalities, the traveller had one or two falls in con-

sequence. He began now to think of turning back, especially as the falling snow, which his impatience had hitherto prevented his attending to, was coming on thicker and faster.

Willing, however, to make a last effort, he still advanced a little way, when, to his great delight, he beheld the light opposite at no great distance, and apparently upon a level with him. He quickly found that this last appearance was deception, for the ground continued so rapidly to sink, as made it obvious there was a deep dell, or ravine of some kind, between him and the object of his search. Taking every precaution to preserve his footing, he continued to descend until he reached the bottom of a very steep and narrow glen, through which winded a small rivulet, whose course was then almost choked with snow. He now found himself embarrassed among the ruins of cottages, whose black gables, rendered more distin-

guishable by the contrast with the whitened surface from which they rose, were still standing; the side walls had long since given way to time, and, piled in shapeless heaps, and covered with snow, offered frequent and embarrassing obstacles to our traveller's progress. Still, however, he persevered, crossed the rivulet, not without some trouble, and at length, by exertions which became both painful and perilous, ascended its opposite and very rugged bank, until he came on a level with the building from which the gleam proceeded.

It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice; but it seemed a square building of small size, the upper part of which was totally ruinous. It had, perhaps, been the abode, in former times, of some lesser proprietor, or a place of strength and concealment, in case of need, for one of greater importance. But only the lower

vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached the place from whence the light proceeded, which seemed to be a long narrow slit or loophole, such as are usually to be found in old castles. Impelled by curiosity to reconnoitre the interior of this strange place before he entered, Brown gazed in at this aperture. A scene of greater desolation could not well be imagined. There was a fire upon the floor, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the arch above. The walls, seen by this smoky light, had the rude and waste appearance of a ruin of three centuries old at least. A cask or two, with some broken boxes and packages, lay about the place in confusion.

But the inmates chiefly occupied Brown's attention. Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still, that, except that it was not dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the

grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-drawn sighs, that precede dissolution when the frame is tenacious of life. A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sat on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low monotonous cadence, one of those prayers, or rather spells, which, in some parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in catholic days. She accompanied this dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus:

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;—
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife—"It will not be," she muttered to herself—"He cannot pass away with that on his mind—it tethers him here—

" Heaven cannot abide it,
Earth refuses to hide it."

" I must open the door ;" and, rising, she faced towards the door of the apartment, observing heedfully not to turn back her head, and withdrawing a bolt or two, (for, notwithstanding the miserable appearance of the place, the door was cautiously secured) she lifted the latch,

" Open lock—end strife,
Come death, and pass life."

Brown, who had by this time moved from his post, stood before her as she opened the door. She stepped back a pace, and he entered, instantly recognizing, but with no comfortable sensation, the same gypsey woman whom he had met in Bewcastle. She also knew him at once, and her attitude, figure, and the anxiety of her countenance, assumed the appearance of the well-disposed ogress of a fairy tale, warning a stranger not to enter the dan-

gerous castle of her husband. The first words she spoke (holding up her hand in a reproving manner,) were, "Said I not to ye, Make not, meddle not?—Beware of the redding strake! you are come to no house o' fair strae death." So saying, she raised the lamp, and turned its light on the dying man, whose rude and harsh features were now convulsed with the last agony. A roll of linen about his head was stained with blood, which had soaked also through the blankets and the straw. It was, indeed, under no natural disease that the wretch was suffering. Brown started back from this horrible object, and, turning to the gypsey, exclaimed, "Wretched woman, who has done this?"

"They that were permitted," answered Meg Merrilies, while she scanned with a close and keen glance the features of the expiring man,—"He has had a sair struggle—but it's passing—I kenn'd he wad pass when you came in.—That was the death ruckle—he's dead."—Sounds were now

heard at a distance, as of voices.—"They are coming!" said she to Brown; "you are a dead man if you had as mony lives as hairs." Brown eagerly looked round for some weapon of defence. There was none near. He then rushed to the door, with the intention of plunging among the trees, and making his escape by flight, from what he now esteemed a den of murderers; but Merrilies held him with a masculine grasp. "Here," she said, "here—be still and you are safe—stir not whatever you see or hear, and nothing shall befall you."

Brown, in these desperate circumstances, remembered this woman's intimation formerly, and thought he had no chance of safety but in obeying her. She caused him to couch down among a parcel of straw on the opposite side of the apartment from the corpse, covered him carefully, and flung over him two or three old sacks which lay about the place. Anxious to observe what was to happen, Brown arranged as softly as he could the means of

peeping from under the coverings by which he was hidden, and awaited with a throbbing heart the issue of this strange and most unpleasant adventure. The old gypsey, in the mean time, set about arranging the dead body, composing its limbs, and straiting the arms by its side. "Best to do this," she muttered, "ere he stiffen." She placed on the dead man's breast a trencher, with salt sprinkled upon it, set one candle at the head, and another at the feet of the body, and lighted both. Then she resumed her song, and awaited the approach of those whose voices had been heard without.

Brown was a soldier, and a brave one, but he was also a man; and at this moment his fears mastered his courage so completely, that the cold drops burst out from every pore. The idea of being dragged out of his miserable concealment by wretches, whose trade was that of midnight murder, without weapons, or the slightest means of defence, except entrea-

ties which would be only their sport, and cries for help, which could never reach other ear than their own—his safety entrusted to the precarious compassion of a being associated with these felons, and whose trade of rapine and imposture must have hardened her against every human feeling——the bitterness of his emotions almost choaked him. He endeavoured to read in her withered and dark countenance, as the lamp threw its light upon her features, something that promised those feelings of compassion, which females, even in their most degraded state, can seldom altogether smother. There was no such touch of humanity about this woman. The interest, whatever it was, that determined her in his favour, arose not from the impulse of compassion, but from some internal, and probably capricious, association of feelings, to which he had no clew. It rested, perhaps, on a fancied likeness, such as Lady Macbeth found to her father in the sleeping monarch. Such were the

reflections that passed in rapid succession through Brown's mind, as he gazed from his hiding-place upon this extraordinary personage. Meantime the gang did not yet approach, and he was almost prompted to resume his original intention of attempting an escape from the hut, and cursed internally his own irresolution, which had consented to his being cooped up where he had neither room for resistance or flight.

Meg Merrilies seemed equally on the watch. She bent her ear to every sound that whistled round the old walls. Then she turned again to the dead body, and found something new to arrange or alter in its position. "He's a bonny corpse," she muttered to herself, "and weel worth the streaking."—And in this dismal occupation she appeared to feel a sort of professional pleasure, entering slowly into all the minutiæ, as if with the skill and feelings of a connoisseur. A long dark-coloured sea-cloak, which she dragged out of a corner, was disposed for a pall. The face she

left bare, after closing the mouth and eyes, and arranged the capes of the cloak so as to hide the bloody bandages, and give the body, as she muttered, "a mair decent appearance."

At once three or four men, equally ruffians in appearance and dress, rushed into the hut. "Meg, ye limb of Satan, how dare you leave the door open?" was the first salutation of the party.

"And wha ever heard of a door being barred when a man was in the dead-thraw?—how d'ye think the spirit was to get awa' through bolts and bars like thae?"

"Is he dead then?" said one who went to the side of the couch to look at the body.

"Eye, eye—dead enough," said another—"but here's what shall give him a rousing like-wake." So saying, he fetched a keg of spirits from a corner, while Meg hastened to display pipes and tobacco. From the activity with which she undertook the task, Brown conceived good hope

of her fidelity towards her guest. It was obvious that she wished to engage the ruffians in their debauch, to prevent the discovery which might take place, if, by accident, any one of them should approach too nearly the place of Brown's concealment.

CHAPTER VII.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
  Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound, by holy vow,
  To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
  And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
  And use it as ye may.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BROWN could now reckon his foes—they were five in number. Two of them were very powerful men, who appeared to be either real seamen, or strollers who assumed that character; the other three, an old man and two lads, were slighter made, and from their black hair and dark complexion, seemed to belong to Meg's tribe. They passed from one to another the cup out of which they drank

their spirits. "Here's to his good voyage!" said one of the seamen, drinking; "a squally night he's got, however, to drift through the sky in."

We omit here various execrations with which these honest gentlemen garnished their discourse, retaining only such of their expletives as are least offensive.

"'A does not mind wind and weather—'A has had many a north-easter in his day."

"He had his last yesterday," said another gruffly, "and now old Meg may pray for his last fair wind, as she's often done before."

"I'll pray for nane o' him," said Meg, "nor for you neither, you randy dog. The times are sair altered since I was a kinchin-mort. Men were men then, and fought other in the open field, and there was nae milling in the darkmans. And the gentry had kind hearts, and would have given baith lap and pannel to ony poor gypsey; and there was not one, from Johnnie Faa the upright man, to little

Christie that was in the panniers, would cloyed a dud from them. But ye are a' altered from the gude auld rules, and no wonder that you scour the cramp-ring, and trine to the cheat sae often. Yes, ye are a' altered—you'll eat the goodman's meat, drink his drink, sleep on the strammel in his barn, and break his house and cut his throat for his pains! There's blood on your hands too, ye dogs—mair than ever came there by fair fighting. See how ye'll die then—lang it was ere he died—he strove, and strove sair, and could neither die nor live;—but you—half the country will see how ye'll grace the woodie."

The party set up a hoarse laugh at Meg's prophecy.

"What made you come back here?" said one of the gypsies, "ye auld beldam? could ye not have staid where you were, and spaed fortunes to the Cumberland flats?—Bing out and tour, ye auld levil, and see that nobody has scented; that's a' you're good for now."

"Is that a' I am good for now? I was good for mair than that in the great fight between our folk and Patrico Salmon's; if I had not helped you with these very fambles, (holding up her hands,) Jean Baillie would have frummagem'd you, ye feckless do-little!"

There was here another laugh at the expence of the hero who had received this amazon's assistance.

"Here, mother," said one of the sailors, "here's a cup of the right for you, and never mind that bully-huff."

Meg drank the spirits, and withdrawing herself from farther conversation, sate down before the spot where Brown lay hid, in such a posture that it would have been difficult for any one to have approached it without her rising. The men, however, shewed no disposition to disturb her.

They closed around the fire, and held deep consultation together; but the low tone in which they spoke, and the canting language which they used, prevented

Brown from understanding much of their conversation. He gathered in general, that they expressed great indignation against some individual. "He shall have his gruel," said one, and then whispered something very low into the ear of his comrade.

"I'll have nothing to do with that," said the other.

"Are you turned hen-hearted, Jack?"

"No, by G——, no more than yourself,—but I won't—it was something like that stopped all the trade fifteen or twenty years ago—You have heard of the Loup?"

"I have heard *him* (indicating the corpse by a jerk of his head) tell about that job—G—d, how he used to laugh when he shewed us how he fetched him off the perch!"

"Well, but it did up the trade for one while."

"How should that be?"

"Why, the people got rusty about it, and would not deal, and they had bought so many brooms that"——

"Well, for all that, I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these darkmans, and let him get it well."

"But old Meg's asleep now," said another; "she grows a driveller, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll sing out, some of these odd-come-shortlies, if you don't look sharp."

"Never fear," said the old gypsey man; "Meg's true-bred; she's the last in the gang that will start—but she has some queer ways, and often cuts queer words."

With more of this gibberish, they continued the conversation, rendering it thus, even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, eked out by significant nods and signs, but never expressing distinctly, or in plain language, the subject on which it turned. At length one of them, observing Meg was still fast asleep, or appeared to be so, desired one of the lads "to hand in the black Peter, that they might flick it open." The boy stepped to the door, and brought in a portmanteau, which Brown instantly

recognized for his own. His thoughts immediately turned to the unfortunate lad he had left with the carriage. Had the ruffians murdered him? was the horrible doubt that crossed his mind. The agony of his attention grew yet keener, and while the villains pulled out and admired the different articles of his clothes and linen, he eagerly listened for some indication that might intimate the fate of the postillion. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prize, and too much busied in examining its contents, to enter into any details concerning the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a leathern case with a few papers and some money, &c. &c. At any other time it would have provoked Brown excessively to see the unceremonious manner in which the thieves shared his property, and made themselves merry at the expence of the owner. But the moment was too perilous to admit any

thoughts but what had immediate reference to self-preservation.

After a sufficient scrutiny into the portmanteau, and an equitable division of its contents, the ruffians applied themselves more closely to the serious occupation of drinking, in which they spent the greater part of the night. Brown was for some time in great hopes that they would drink so deep as to render themselves insensible, when his escape would have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they stopped short on this side of absolute intoxication. Three of them at length composed themselves to rest, while the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others, after a vigil of two hours. When the second watch had elapsed, the sentinel awakened the whole, who, to Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparations as if for departure, bundling up the various articles which each had ap-

propriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them, after some rummaging, which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mattock and shovel, another took a pick-axe from behind the straw on which the dead body was extended. With these implements they all left the hut but three [illegible] two of whom were the seamen, very strong men, still remaining in garrison.

After the space of about half an hour, one of those who had departed again returned, and whisperd the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the sea-cloak which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The aged sybil then arose from her real or feigned slumbers. She first went to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the departure of her late inmates, then returned, and commanded Brown, in a low and stifled voice, to follow her instantly. He obeyed; but, on leaving the hut, he would willingly have repossessed himself

of his money, or papers at least, but this she prohibited in the most peremptory manner. It immediately occurred to him that the suspicion of having removed any thing, of which he might repossess himself, would fall upon this woman, by whom, in all probability, his life had been saved. He therefore immediately desisted from his attempt, contenting himself with seizing a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had flung aside among the straw. On his feet, and possessed of this weapon, he already found himself half delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold, and by the constrained and unaltered position which he had occupied all night. But as he followed the gypsey from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the morning, and the action of walking, restored circulation and activity to his benumbed limbs.

The pale light of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow,

which was lying all around, crisped by the influence of a severe frost. Brown cast a hasty glance at the landscape around him, that he might be able again to know the spot. The little [illegible] of which only a single vault remained, forming the dismal apartment in which he had spent this remarkable night, was perched on the very point of a projecting rock overhanging the rivulet. It was accessible only on one side, and that from the ravine or glen below. On the other three sides the bank was precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding evening escaped more dangers than one; for, if he had attempted to go round the building, which was once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow that the trees met in some places from the opposite sides. They were now loaded with snow instead of leaves, and thus formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath, which was marked by its darker colour, as it soaked its way obscurely through wreaths of snow.

In one place, where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small piece of flat ground between the rivulet and the bank, were situated the ruins of the hamlet in which Brown had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined gables, the insides of which were japanned with turf-smoke, looked yet blacker, contrasted with the patches of snow which had been driven against them by the wind, and with the drifts which lay around them.

Upon this wintry and dismal scene, Brown could only at present cast a very hasty glance; for his guide, after pausing an instant, as if to permit him to indulge his curiosity, strode hastily before him down the path which led into the glen. He observed, with some feelings of suspicion, that she chose a track already marked by several feet, which he could only suppose were those of the depredators who had spent the night in the vault. A moment's recollection, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be thought that

the woman, who might have delivered him up to her gang when in a state totally defenceless, would have suspended her supposed treachery until he was armed, and in the open air, and had so many better chances of defence or escape. He therefore followed his guide in confidence and silence. They crossed the small brook at the same place where it previously had been passed by those who had gone before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and from thence down the glen, which again narrowed to a ravine, after the small opening in which they were situated. But the gypsey no longer followed the same track; she turned aside, and led the way by a very rugged and uneven path up the bank which overhung the village. Although the snow in many places hid the pathway, and rendered the footing uncertain and unsafe, Meg proceeded with a firm and determined step, which indicated an intimate knowledge of the ground she traversed. At length they gained the top

of the bank, though by a passage so steep and intricate, that Brown, though convinced it was the same by which he had descended on the night before, was not a little surprised how he had accomplished the task without breaking his neck. Above, the country opened wide and uninclosed for about a mile or two on the one hand, and on the other were thick plantations of considerable extent.

Meg, however, still led the way along the bank of the ravine out of which they had ascended, until she heard beneath the murmur of voices. She then pointed to a deep plantation of trees at some distance,—"The road to Kippletringan," she said, "is on the other side of these inclosures—Make the speed ye can; there's mair rests on your life than on other folk's.—But you have lost all—stay." She fumbled in an immense pocket, from which she produced a greasy purse.—"Many's the *awmous* your house has gi'en Meg and hers—and she has lived to pay it back in a

small degree;"—and she placed the purse in his hand.

"The woman is insane," thought Brown; but it was no time to debate the point, for the sounds he heard in the ravine below probably proceeded from the banditti. "How shall I repay this money," he said, "or how acknowledge the kindness you have done me?"

"I hae twa boons to crave," answered the sybil, speaking low and hastily; "one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night; the other, that you will not leave this country till you see me again, and that you leave word at the Gordon-arms where you are to be heard of; and when I next call for you, be it in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meal-time or fasting, that ye leave every thing else and come with me."

"Why, that will do you little good, mother."

"But 'twill do yoursell muckle, and that's what I'm thinking o'.—I am not mad,

although I have had eneugh to make me sae—I am not mad, nor doating, nor drunken—I know what I am asking, and I know it has been the will of God to preserve you in strange dangers, and that I shall be the instrument to set you in your father's seat again.—Sae give me your promise, and mind that you owe your life to me this blessed night."—"There's wildness in her manner, certainly," thought Brown, "and yet it is more like the wildness of energy than of madness.—

"Well, mother, since you do ask so useless and trifling a favour, you have my promise. It will at least give me an opportunity to repay your money with additions. You are an uncommon kind of creditor, no doubt, but"——

"Away, away, then!" said she, waving her hand. "Think not about the goud—it's a' your ain; but remember your promise, and do not dare to follow me or look after me." So saying, she plunged again into the dell, and descended it with great

agility, the icicles and snow-wreaths showering down after her as she disappeared.

Notwithstanding her prohibition, Brown endeavoured to gain some point of the bank, from which he might, unseen, gaze down into the glen; and with some difficulty, (for it must be conceived that the utmost caution was necessary,) he succeeded. The spot which he attained for this purpose was the point of a projecting rock, which rose precipitously from among the trees. By kneeling down among the snow, and stretching his head cautiously forward, he could observe what was going on in the bottom of the dell. He saw, as he expected, his companions of the last night, now joined by two or three others. They had cleared away the snow from the foot of the rock, and dug a deep pit, which was designed to serve the purpose of a grave. Around this they now stood, and lowered into it something wrapped in a naval cloak, which Brown instantly concluded to be the dead body of the man he had seen ex-

pire. They then stood silent for half a minute, as if under some touch of feeling for the loss of their companion. But if they experienced such, they did not long remain under its influence, for all hands went presently to work to fill up the grave; and Brown, perceiving that the task would be soon ended, thought it best to take the gypsey-woman's hint, and walk as fast as possible until he should gain the shelter of the plantation.

Having arrived under cover of the trees, his first thought was of the gypsey's purse. He had accepted it without hesitation, though with something like a feeling of degradation, arising from the character of the person by whom he was thus accommodated. But it relieved him from a serious though temporary embarrassment. His money, excepting a very few shillings, was in his portmanteau, and that was in possession of Meg's friends. Some time was necessary to write to his agent, or even to apply to his good host at Charlies-hope,

who would gladly have supplied him. In the mean time, he resolved to avail himself of Meg's subsidy, confident he would have a speedy opportunity of replacing it with a handsome gratuity. "It can be but a trifling sum," he said to himself, "and I dare say the good lady may have a share of my bank-notes to make amends."

With these reflections he opened the leathern-purse, expecting to find at most three or four guineas. But how much was he surprised to discover that it contained, besides a considerable quantity of gold pieces, of different coinages and various countries, the joint amount of which could not be short of a hundred pounds, several valuable rings and ornaments set with jewels, and, as appeared from the slight inspection he had time to give them, of very considerable value.

Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the circumstances in which he found himself, possessed, as he now seemed to be, of property to a much greater

amount than his own, but which had been obtained in all probability by the same nefarious means through which he had himself been plundered. His first thought was to enquire after the nearest justice of peace, and to place in his hands the treasure of which he had thus unexpectedly become the depository, telling, at the same time, his own remarkable story. But a moment's consideration brought several objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, he should break his promise of silence, and was certain by that means to involve the safety, perhaps the life, of this woman, who had risked her own to preserve his, and who had voluntarily endowed him with this treasure,—a generosity which might thus become the means of her ruin. This was not to be thought of. Besides he was a stranger, and, for a time at least, unprovided with means of establishing his own character and credit to the satisfaction of a stupid or obstinate country magistrate. "I will

think over the matter more maturely," he said; "perhaps there may be a regiment quartered at the county-town, in which case my knowledge of the service, and acquaintance with many officers of the army, cannot fail to establish my situation and character by evidence, which a civil judge could not sufficiently estimate. And then I shall have the commanding officer's assistance in managing matters so as to screen this unhappy madwoman, whose mistake or prejudice has been so fortunate for me. A civil magistrate might think himself obliged to send out warrants for her at once, and the consequence in case of her being taken is pretty evident—No, she has been upon honour with me if she were the devil, and I will be equally upon honour with her—She shall have the privilege of a court-martial, where the point of honour can qualify strict law. Besides I may see her at this place, Kipple—Couple—what did she call it?—and then I can make restitution to her, and e'en let the law claim its

own when it can secure her. In the mean-while, however, I cut rather an awkward figure for one who has the honour to bear his majesty's commission, being little better than the receiver of stolen goods."

With these reflections, Brown took from the gypsey's treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of his immediate expences, and tying up the rest in the purse which contained them, resolved not again to open it, until he could either restore it to her by whom it was given, or put it into the hands of some public functionary. He next thought of the cutlass, and his first impulse was to leave it in the plantation. But when he considered the risk of meeting with these ruffians, he could not resolve upon parting with his arms. His walking-dress, though plain, had so much of a military character as suited not amiss with his having such a weapon. Besides, though the custom of wearing swords by persons out of uniform had been gradually becoming antiquated, it was not yet so

totally forgotten as to occasion any particular remark towards those who chose to adhere to it. Retaining, therefore, his weapon of defence, and placing the purse of the gypsey in a private pocket, our traveller strode gallantly on through the wood in search of the promised high-road.

CHAPTER VIII.

All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence,
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

" How can you upbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abatement in friendship or fluctuation in affection? Is it possible for me to forget that you are the chosen of my heart, in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Julia dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice in upbraiding

me with exchanging your friendship for that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has not the materials I must seek for in a bosom confidante. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her very much, and I confess our forenoon and evening engagements have left me less time for the exercise of my pen than our proposed regularity of correspondence demands. But she is totally devoid of elegant accomplishments, excepting the knowledge of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most grotesque monster you ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he patronizes, I believe, to show his defiance of the world's opinion. Colonel Mannering seems to have formed a determination, that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous, so long as it appertains to or is connected with him. I remember in India he had picked up somewhere a little mongrel cur, with bandy legs, a long back, and huge flapping ears. Of this uncouth creature he chose to make a favourite, in

despite of all taste and opinion; and I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he called Brown's petulance, was, that he had criticized severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bingo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of this most awkward of all pedants upon a similar principle. He seats the creature at table, where he pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackarel, flings his meat down his throat by shovelfulls, like a person loading a cart, and apparently without the most distant perception of what he is swallowing,—then bleats forth another unnatural set of tones, by way of returning thanks, stalks out of the room, and immerses himself among a parcel of huge worm-eaten folios that are as uncouth as himself! I could endure the creature well enough, had I any body to laugh with; but Lucy Bertram, if I but verge on the border of a jest affecting this same Mr Sampson, (such is the horrid man's horrid

name) looks so piteous, that it deprives me of all spirit to proceed, and my father knits his brow, flashes fire from his eye, bites his lip, and says something that is extremely rude and uncomfortable to my feelings.

"It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to speak to you—only that, being a good scholar in the modern, as well as the ancient languages, he has contrived to make Lucy Bertram mistress of the former, and she has only, I believe, to thank her own good sense or obstinacy, that the Greek, Latin, (and Hebrew, for aught I know,) were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information; and I assure you I am daily surprised at the power which she seems to possess of amusing herself, by recalling and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We read together every morning, and I begin to like the Italian much better than when we were teazed by that conceited animal Cicipici;—this is the way

to spell his name, and not Chichipichi—you see I grow a connoisseur.

"But perhaps I like Miss Bertram more for the accomplishments she wants, than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatever, and no more of dancing than is here common to the meanest peasant, who, by the way, dance with great zeal and spirit. So that I am instructor in my turn, and she takes with great gratitude lessons from me upon the harpsichord; and I have even taught her some of La Pique's steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

"In the evening papa often reads, and I assure you he is the best reader of poetry you ever heard—not like that actor, who made a kind of jumble between reading and acting, staring and bending his brow, and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage, and dressed out in all his costume. My father's manner is quite different—it is the reading of a gen-

tleman, who produces effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, not by action or mummery. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become emboldened by example. We walk also a good deal, in spite of the cold—So, upon the whole, I have not quite so much time for writing as I used to have.

"Besides, my love, I must really use the apology of all stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My hopes, my fears, my anxieties, about Brown, are of a less interesting cast, since I know that he is at liberty, and in health. Besides, I must own, I think that by this time the gentleman might have given me some intimation what he was doing. Our intercourse may be an imprudent one, but it is not very complimentary to me, that Mr Vanbeest Brown should be the first to discover that, and to break off in consequence. I can promise him that we might not differ much in opinion should

that happen to be his, for I have sometimes thought I have behaved extremely foolishly in that matter. Yet I have so good an opinion of poor Brown, that I cannot but think there is something extraordinary in his silence.

"To return to Lucy Bertram—No, my dearest Matilda, she can never, never rival you in my regard, so that all your affectionate jealousy on that account is without foundation. She is, to be sure, a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the *real evils* of life. But then these so seldom come in one's way, and one wants a friend who will sympathize with distresses of sentiment, as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, and you know, my dearest Matilda, that these diseases of the heart require the balm of sympathy and affection as much as the evils of a more obvious and determinate

character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy—nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. Were I sick of a fever, she would sit up night after night to nurse me with the most unrepining patience; but with the fever of the heart, which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is, that the demure monkey actually has a lover of her own, and that their mutual affection (for mutual I take it to be) has a great deal of complicated and romantic interest. She was once, you must know, a great heiress, but was ruined by the prodigality of her father, and the villainy of a horrid man in whom he confided. And one of the handsomest young gentlemen in the country is attached to her; but as he is heir to a great estate, she discourages his addresses on account of the disproportion of their fortune.

"But with all this moderation and self-denial, and modesty, and so forth, Lucy

is a sly girl—I am sure she loves young Hazlewood, and I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to acknowledge it too, if my father or she would allow him an opportunity. But you must know the Colonel is always himself in the way to pay Miss Bertram those attentions which afford the best direct opportunities for a young gentleman in Hazlewood's situation. I would have my good papa take care that he does not himself pay the usual penalty of meddling folks. I assure you, if I were Hazlewood, I should look on his compliments, his bowings, his cloakings, his shawlings, and his handings, with some little suspicion; and truly I think Hazlewood does so too at some odd times. Then imagine what a silly figure your poor Julia makes upon such occasions! Here is my father making the agreeable to my friend; there is young Hazlewood watching every word of her lips, and every motion of her eye; and I have not the poor satisfaction of interesting a

human being—not even the exotic monster of a parson, for even he sits with his mouth open, and his huge round goggling eyes fixed like those of a statue, admiring Mess Baartram!

"All this makes me sometimes a little nervous, and sometimes a little mischievous. I was so provoked at my father and the lovers the other day for turning me completely out of their thoughts and society, that I began an attack upon Hazlewood, from which it was impossible for him, in common civility, to escape. He insensibly became warm in his defence—I assure you, Matilda, he is a very clever, as well as a very handsome young man, and I don't think I ever remember having seen him to the same advantage—when, behold, in the midst of our lively conversation, a very soft sigh from Miss Lucy reached my not ungratified ears. I was greatly too generous to prosecute my victory any farther, even if I had not been afraid of papa. Luckily for me he had at

that moment got into a long description of the peculiar notions and manners of a certain tribe of Indians, who live far up the country, and was illustrating them by making drawings on Miss Bertram's work-patterns, three of which he utterly damaged, by introducing among the intricacies of the pattern his specimens of oriental costume. But I believe she thought as little of her own gown at the moment as of the India turbands and cummerbands. However, it was quite as well for me that he did not see all the merit of my little manœuvre, for he is as sharp-sighted as a hawk, and a sworn enemy to the slightest shade of coquetry.

"Well, Matilda, Hazlewood heard this same half-audible sigh, and instantly repented his temporary attentions to such an unworthy object as your Julia, and, with a very comical expression of consciousness, drew near to Lucy's work-table. He made some trifling observation, and her reply was one in which nothing but

an ear as acute as that of a lover, or a curious observer, like myself, could have distinguished any thing more cold and dry than usual. But it conveyed reproof to the self-accusing hero, and he stood abashed accordingly. You will admit that I was called upon in generosity to act as mediator. So I mingled in the conversation, in the quiet tone of an unobserving and uninterested third party, led them into their former habits of easy chat, and, after having served awhile as the channel of communication through which they chose to address each other, set them down to a pensive game at chess, and very dutifully went to teaze papa, who was still busied with his drawings. The chess-players, you must observe, were placed near the chimney beside a little work-table, which held the board and men, the Colonel, at some distance, with lights upon a library table,—for it is a large old-fashioned room, with several recesses, and hung with grim tapestry, representing what it

might have puzzled the artist himself to explain.

'Is chess a very interesting game, papa?'

'I am told so,' without honouring me with his attention.

'I should think so, from the attention Mr Hazlewood and Lucy are bestowing on it.'

"He raised his head hastily, and held his pencil suspended for an instant. Apparently he saw nothing that excited his suspicions, for he was resuming the folds of a Mahratta's turban in tranquillity, when I interrupted him with—'How old is Miss Bertram, sir?'

'How should I know, Miss? about your own age, I suppose.'

'Older, I should think, sir. You are always telling me how much more decorously she goes through all the honours of the tea-table—Lord, papa, what if you should give her a right to preside once and for ever!'

'Julia, my dear, you are either a fool outright, or you are more disposed to make mischief than I have yet believed you.'

'Oh, my dear sir! put your best construction upon it—I would not be thought a fool for all the world.'

'Then why do you talk like one?'

'Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish in what I said just now—every body knows you are a very handsome man,' (a smile was just visible) 'that is, for your time of life,' (the dawn was overcast) 'which is far from being advanced, and I am sure I don't know why you should not please yourself if you have a mind. I am sensible I am but a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy'——

"There was a mixture of displeasure and grave affection in the manner in which my father took my hand, that was a severe reproof to me for trifling with his feelings. 'Julia,' he said, 'I bear with much of your petulance, because I think I have in some

degree deserved it, by neglecting to superintend your education sufficiently closely. Yet I would not have you give it the rein upon a subject so delicate. If you do not respect the feelings of your surviving parent towards the memory of her whom you have lost, attend at least to the sacred claims of misfortune; and observe, that the slightest hint of such a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears, would at once induce her to renounce her present asylum, and go forth, without a protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly.'

"What could I say to this, Matilda?—I only cried heartily, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl in future. And so here am I neutralized again; for I cannot, in honour, or common good nature, teaze poor Lucy by interfering with Hazlewood, although she has so little confidence in me; and neither can I, after this grave appeal, venture again upon such delicate ground with papa. So I burn little rolls of paper, and sketch Turks' heads upon

visiting cards with the blackened end—I assure you I succeeded in making a superb Hyder-Ally last night—and I jingle on my unfortunate harpsichord, and begin at the end of a grave book and read it backward.—After all, I begin to be very much vexed about Brown's silence. Had he been obliged to leave the country, I am sure he would at least have written to me—Can it be possible that my father can have intercepted his letters?—But no—that is contrary to all his principles—I don't think he would open a letter addressed to me to-night, to prevent my jumping out of window to-morrow—What an expression I have suffered to escape my pen! I should be ashamed of it, even to you, Matilda, and used in jest. But I need not take much merit for acting as I ought to do—This same Mr Vanbeest Brown is by no means so very ardent a lover as to hurry the object of his attachment into such inconsiderate steps. He gives one full time to reflect, that must be admitted.

However, I will not blame him unheard, nor permit myself to doubt the manly firmness of a character which I have so often extolled to you. Were he capable of doubt, of fear, of the shadow of change, I should have little to regret.

"And why, you will say, when I expect such steady and unalterable constancy from a lover, why should I be anxious about what Hazlewood does, or to whom he offers his attentions?—I ask myself the question a hundred times a-day, and it only receives the very silly answer, that one does not like to be neglected, though one would not encourage a serious infidelity.——

"I write all these trifles, because you say that they amuse you, and yet I wonder how they should. I remember in our stolen voyages to the world of fiction, you always admired the grand and the romantic—tales of knights, dwarfs, giants, and distressed damsels, soothsayers, visions, beckoning ghosts, and bloody hands,—

whereas I was partial to the involved intrigues of private life, or at farthest, to so much only of the supernatural as is conferred by the agency of an eastern genie or a beneficent fairy. *You* would have loved to shape your course of life over the broad ocean, with its dead calms and howling tempests, its tornadoes, and its billows mountain high,—whereas I should like to trim my little pinnace to a brisk breeze in some inland lake or tranquil bay, where there was just difficulty of navigation sufficient to give interest and to require skill, without any great degree of danger. So that, upon the whole, Matilda, I think you should have had my father, with his pride of arms and of ancestry, his chivalrous point of honour, his high talents, and his abstruse and mystic studies—You should have had Lucy Bertram too for your friend, whose fathers, with names which alike defy memory and orthography, ruled over this romantic country, and whose birth took place, as I have been indistinctly in-

formed, under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest—You should have had, too, our residence surrounded by mountains, and our lonely walks to haunted ruins—And I should have had, in exchange, the lawns and shrubs, and greenhouses, and conservatories of Pine-park, with your good quiet indulgent aunt, her chapel in the morning, her nap after dinner, her hand at whist in the evening, not forgetting her fat coach-horses and fatter coachman. Take notice, however, that Brown is not included in this proposed barter of mine—his good humour, lively conversation, and open gallantry, suit my plan of life, as well as his athletic form, handsome features, and high spirit, would accord with a character of chivalry. So as we cannot change altogether out and out, I think we must e'en abide as we are."

CHAPTER IX.

I renounce your defiance; if you parley so roughly I'll barricado my gates against you.—Do you see yon bay window? Storm,—I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk.

Merry Devil of Edmonton.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

"I RISE from a sick bed, my dearest Matilda, to communicate the strange and frightful scenes which have just passed. Alas! how little we ought to jest with futurity! I closed my letter to you in high spirits, with some flippant remarks on your taste for the romantic and the extraordinary in fictitious narrative. How little I expected to have had such events to record in the course of a few days! And to witness scenes of terror, or to contem-

plate them in description, is as different, my dearest Matilda, as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenture of a half-rooted shrub, or to admire the same precipice in the landscape of Salvator. But I will not anticipate my narrative.

"The first part of my story is frightful enough, though it had nothing to interest my feelings. You must know that this country is particularly favourable to the commerce of a set of desperate men from the Isle of Man, which is nearly opposite. These smugglers are numerous, resolute, and formidable, and have at different times become the dread of the neighbourhood, when any one has interfered with their contraband trade. The local magistrates, from timidity or worse motives, are become shy of acting against them, and impunity has rendered them equally daring and desperate. With all this, my father, a stranger in the land, and invested with no official authority, had, one would think,

nothing to do. But it must be owned that, as he himself expresses it, he was born when Mars was lord of his ascendant, and that strife and bloodshed find him out in circumstances and situations the most retired and pacific.

"About eleven o'clock on last Tuesday morning, while Hazlewood and my father were proposing to walk to a little lake about three miles distance, for the purpose of shooting wild-ducks, and while Lucy and I were busied with arranging our plan of work and study for the day, we were alarmed by the sound of horses' feet, advancing very fast up the avenue. The ground was hardened by a severe frost, which made the clatter of the hoofs sound yet louder and sharper. In a moment two or three men, armed, mounted, and each leading a spare horse loaded with packages, appeared on the lawn, and without keeping upon the road, which makes a small sweep, pushed right across the lawn for the door of the house. Their

appearance, was in the utmost degree hurried and disordered, and they frequently looked back like men, who apprehended a close and deadly pursuit. My father and Hazlewood hurried to the front door to demand who they were, and what was their business. They were revenue officers, they stated, who had seized these horses, loaded with contraband articles, at a place about three miles off. But the smugglers had been reinforced, and were now pursuing them with the avowed purpose of recovering the goods, and putting to death the officers who had presumed to do their duty. The men said, that their horses being loaded, and the pursuers gaining ground upon them, they had fled to Woodbourne, conceiving, that as my father had served the king, he would not refuse to protect the servants of government, when threatened to be murdered in the discharge of their duty.

" My father, to whom, in his enthusiastic feelings of military loyalty, even a dog

would be of importance if he came in the king's name, gave prompt orders for securing the goods in the hall, arming the servants, and defending the house in case it should be necessary. Hazlewood seconded him with great spirit, and even the strange animal they call Sampson stalked out of his den and seized upon a fowling-piece, which my father had laid aside to take what they call a rifle-gun, with which they shoot tygers, &c., in the East. The piece went off in the awkward hands of the poor parson, and very nearly shot one of the excisemen. At this unexpected and voluntary explosion of his weapon, the Dominie (such is his nick-name) exclaimed 'Prodigious!' which is his usual ejaculation when astonished. But no power could force the man to part with his discharged piece, so they were content to let him retain it, with the precaution of trusting him with no ammunition. This (excepting the alarm occasioned by the report) escaped my notice at the time, you

may easily believe; but in talking over the scene afterwards, Hazlewood made us very merry with the Dominie's ignorant but zealous valour.

"When my father had got every thing into proper order for defence, and his people stationed at the windows with their fire-arms, he wanted to order us out of danger—into the cellar, I believe—but we could not be prevailed upon to stir. Though terrified to death, I have so much of his own spirit, that I would look upon the peril which threatens us rather than hear it rage around me without knowing its nature or its progress. Lucy, looking as pale as a marble statue, and keeping her eyes fixed on Hazlewood, seemed not even to hear the prayers with which he conjured her to leave the front of the house. But, in truth, unless the hall-door should be forced, we were in little danger—the windows were almost blocked up with cushions and pillows, and, what the Dominie most lamented, with folio volumes,

brought hastily from the library, leaving only spaces through which the defenders might fire upon the assailants.

"My father had now made his dispositions, and we sat in breathless expectation in the darkened apartment, the men remaining all silent upon their posts, in anxious contemplation probably of the approaching danger. My father, who was quite at home in such a scene, walked from one to another, and reiterated his orders, that no one should presume to fire until he gave the word. Hazlewood, who seemed to catch courage from his eye, acted as his aid-de-camp, and displayed the utmost alertness in bearing his directions from one place to another, and seeing them properly carried into execution. Our force, with the strangers included, might amount to about twelve men.

"At length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound, which, at a distance, was like the rushing of a stream of water, but, as it approached,

we distinguished the thick-beating clang of a number of horses advancing very fast. I had arranged a loop-hole for myself, from which I could see the approach of the enemy. The noise increased and came nearer, and at length thirty horsemen and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches! Notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to their shirts and trowsers, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and all well armed with carbines, pistols, and cutlasses. I, who am a soldier's daughter, and accustomed to see war from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their horses reeking with the speed at which they had rode, and their furious exclamations of rage and disappointment when they saw themselves baulked of their prey. They paused, however, when they saw the preparations made to receive them, and appeared to hold a moment's consultation among themselves.

At length, one of the party, his face blackened with gunpowder by way of disguise, came forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, and asked to speak with Colonel Mannering. My father, to my infinite terror, threw open a window near which he was posted, and demanded what he wanted. 'We want our goods, which we have been robbed of by these sharks,' said the fellow; 'and our lieutenant bids me say, that if they are delivered, we'll go off for this bout without clearing scores with the rascals who took them; but if not, we'll burn the house, and have the heart's blood of every one in it;'—a threat which he repeated more than once, graced by a fresh variety of imprecations, and the most horrid denunciations that cruelty could suggest. 'And which is your lieutenant?' said my father in reply.

'That gentleman upon the grey horse,' said the miscreant, 'with the red handkerchief bound about his brow.'

'Then be pleased to tell that gentle-

man, that if he, and the scoundrels who are with him, do not ride off the lawn this instant, I will fire upon them without ceremony.' So saying, my father shut the window, and broke short the conference.

"The fellow no sooner regained his troop, than, with a loud hurra, or rather a savage yell, they fired a volley against our garrison. The glass of the windows was shattered in every direction, but the precautions already noticed saved the party within from suffering. Three such volleys were fired without a shot being returned from within. My father then observed them getting hatchets and crows, probably to assail the hall door, and called aloud, 'Let none fire but Hazlewood and I—Hazlewood, mark the ambassador.' He himself aimed at the man on the grey horse, who fell on receiving his shot.—Hazlewood was equally successful. He shot the spokesman, who had dismounted, and was advancing with an axe in his hand. Their fall discouraged the rest, who began

to turn round their horses; and a few shots fired at them soon sent them off, bearing along with them their slain or wounded companions.—We could not observe that they suffered any farther loss. Shortly after their retreat a party of soldiers made their appearance, to my infinite relief. These men were quartered at a village some miles distant, and had marched upon the first rumour of the skirmish. A part of them escorted the terrified revenue officers and their seizure to a neighbouring sea-port as a place of safety, and at my earnest request two or three files remained with us for that and the following day, for the security of the house from the vengeance of these banditti.

" Such, dearest Matilda, was my first alarm. I must not forget to add, that the ruffians left, at a cottage on the road-side, the man whose face was blackened with powder, apparently because he was unable to bear transportation. He died in about half an hour after. Upon examining the corpse,

it proved to be that of a boor in the neighbourhood, a person notorious as a poacher and smuggler. We received many messages of congratulation from the neighbouring families, and it was generally allowed that a few such instances of spirited resistance would greatly check the presumption of these lawless men. My father distributed rewards among his servants, and praised Hazlewood's courage and coolness to the skies. Lucy and I came in for a share of his applause, because we had stood fire with firmness, and had not disturbed him with screams or expostulations. As for the Dominie, my father took an opportunity of begging to exchange snuff-boxes with him. The honest gentleman was much flattered with the proposal, and extolled the beauty of his new snuff-box excessively. 'It looked,' he said, 'as well as if it were real gold from Ophir'—Indeed it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to

do this honest creature justice, I believe the knowledge of its real value would not enhance his sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilded. He has had a hard task replacing the folios which were used in the barricade, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their service in the fortification. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which these ponderous tomes had intercepted during the action, and which he had extracted with great care; and, were I in spirits, I could give you a comic account of his astonishment at the apathy with which we heard of the wounds and mutilation suffered by Thomas Aquinas, or the venerable Chrysostom. But I am not in spirits, and I have yet another and a more interesting incident to communicate. I feel, however, so much fatigued with my present exertion, that I cannot resume the pen till to-morrow. I

will detain this letter notwithstanding, that you may not feel any anxiety upon account of your own.

"JULIA MANNERING."

CHAPTER X.

> Here's a good world!
> ———Knew you of this fair work?
>
> *King John.*

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

"I MUST take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I broke off yesterday.

"For two or three days we talked of nothing but our siege and its probable consequences, and dinned into my father's unwilling ears a proposal to go to Edinburgh, or at least to Dumfries, where there is remarkably good society, until the resentment of these outlaws should blow over. He answered with great compo-

sure, that he had no mind to have his landlord's house and his own property at Woodbourne destroyed; that, with our good leave, he had usually been esteemed competent to taking measures for the safety or protection of his family; that if he remained quiet at home, he conceived the welcome the villains had received was not of a nature to invite a second visit, but should he shew any signs of alarm, it would be the sure way to incur the very risk which we were afraid of. Heartened by his arguments, and by the extreme indifference with which he treated the supposed danger, we began to grow a little bolder, and to walk about as usual. Only the gentlemen were sometimes invited to take their guns when they attended us, and I observed that my father for several nights paid particular attention to having the house properly secured, and required his domestics to keep their arms in readiness in case of necessity.

"But three days ago chanced an occur-

rence, of a nature which alarmed me more by far than the attack of the smugglers.

"I told you there was a small lake at some distance from Woodbourne, where the gentlemen sometimes go to shoot wild-fowl. I happened at breakfast to say I should like to see this place in its present frozen state, occupied by skaters and curlers, as they call those who play a particular sort of game upon the ice. There is snow on the ground, but frozen so hard that I thought Lucy and I might venture to that distance, as the footpath leading there was well beaten by the repair of those who frequented it for pastime. Hazlewood instantly offered to attend us, and we stipulated that he should take his fowling-piece. He laughed a good deal at the idea of going a-shooting in the snow, but, to relieve our tremors, desired that a groom, who acts as game-keeper occasionally, should follow us with his gun. As for Colonel Mannering, he does not like crowds or sights of any kind where

human figures make up the show, unless indeed it were a military review—so he declined the party.

"We set out unusually early, upon a fine frosty exhilarating morning, and we felt our minds, as well as our nerves, braced by the elasticity of the pure air. Our walk to the lake was delightful, or at least the difficulties were only such as diverted us, a slippery descent for instance, or a frozen ditch to cross, which made Hazlewood's assistance absolutely necessary. I don't think Lucy liked her walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

"The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a thousand enormous icicles all glittering in the sun; on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine-trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen bosom of the lake itself were a multitude of mo-

ving figures, some flitting along with the velocity of swallows, some sweeping in the most graceful circles, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding round the spot where the inhabitants of two rival parishes contended for the prize at curling—an honour of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed both by the players and bye-standers. We walked round the little lake, supported by Hazlewood, who lent us each an arm. He spoke, poor fellow, with great kindness to old and young, and seemed deservedly popular among the assembled crowd. At length we thought of retiring.—

"Why do I mention these trivial occurrences?—not, heaven knows, from the interest I can now attach to them—but because, like a drowning man who catches at a brittle twig, I seize every apology for delaying the subsequent and dreadful part of my narrative. But it must be commu-

nicated—I must have the sympathy of at least one friend under this heart-rending calamity.

"We were returning home by a foot-path, which led through a plantation of firs. Lucy had quitted Hazlewood's arm—it is only the plea of absolute necessity which reconciles her to accept his assistance. I still leaned upon his other arm. Lucy followed us close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he had started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly, I might say, coarsely dressed, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and agitated. I screamed between surprise and terror—Hazlewood mistook the nature of my alarm, and, when Brown advanced towards me as if to speak, commanded him haughtily to stand back, and not to alarm the lady. Brown replied, with

equal asperity, he had no occasion to take lessons from him how to behave to that or any other lady. I rather believe that Hazlewood, impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view, heard and understood him imperfectly. He snatched the gun from the servant, who had come up on a line with us, and, pointing the muzzle at Brown, commanded him to stand off at his peril. My screams, for my terror prevented my finding articulate language, only hastened the catastrophe. Brown, thus menaced, sprung upon Hazlewood, grappled with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the fowling-piece from his grasp, when the gun went off in the struggle, and the contents were lodged in Hazlewood's shoulder, who instantly fell. I saw no more, for the whole scene reeled before my eyes, and I fainted away; but, by Lucy's report, the unhappy perpetrator of this action gazed a mo-

ment on the scene before him, until her screams began to alarm the people upon the lake, several of whom now came in sight. He then bounded over a hedge, which divided the foot-path from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to stop or secure him, and the report he made of the matter to those who came up to us, induced them rather to exercise their humanity in recalling me to life, than shew their courage by pursuing a desperado, described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

"Hazlewood was conveyed home, that is to Woodbourne, in safety. I trust his wound will prove in no respect dangerous, though he suffers much. But to Brown the consequences must be most disastrous. He is already the object of my father's resentment, and he has now incurred danger from the law of the country, as well as from the clamorous vengeance of the fa-

ther of Hazlewood, who threatens to move heaven and earth against the author of his son's wound. How will he be able to shroud himself from the vindictive activity of the pursuit? how to defend himself, if taken, against the severity of laws which I am told may even affect his life? and how can I find means to warn him of his danger? Then poor Lucy's ill-concealed grief, occasioned by her lover's wound, is another source of distress to me, and every thing round me appears to bear witness against that indiscretion which has occasioned this calamity.

"For two days I was very ill indeed. The news that Hazlewood was recovering, and that the person who had shot him was no where to be traced, only that for certain he was one of the leaders of the gang of smugglers, gave me some comfort. The suspicion and pursuit being directed towards those people, must naturally facilitate Brown's escape, and, I trust, has, ere this, ensured it. But patroles of horse and

foot traverse the country in all directions, and I am tortured by a thousand confused and unauthenticated rumours of arrests and discoveries.

"Meanwhile, my greatest source of comfort is the generous candour of Hazlewood, who persists in declaring, that with whatever intentions the person by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced that the gun went off in the struggle by accident, and that the injury he received was undesigned. The groom, on the other hand, maintains that the piece was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands, and deliberately pointed at his body, and Lucy inclines to the same opinion.—I do not suspect them of intentional exaggeration, yet such is the fallacy of human testimony! for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to Hazlewood—but he is very young, and I feel the utmost repugnance to communicate to him

my folly. I once thought of disclosing the mystery to Lucy, and began by asking what she recollected of the person and features of the man whom we had so unfortunately met—but she ran out into such a horrid description of a hedge-ruffian, that I was deprived of all courage and disposition to own my attachment to him. I must say Miss Bertram is strangely biassed by her prepossessions, for there are few handsomer men than poor Brown. I had not seen him for a long time, and even in his strange and sudden apparition on this unhappy occasion, and under every disadvantage, his form seems to me, on reflection, improved in grace, and his features in expressive dignity.—Shall we ever meet again? Who can answer that question?—Write to me kindly, my dearest Matilda—but when did you otherwise?—yet, again, write to me soon, and write to me kindly. I am not in a situation to profit by advice or reproof, nor have I my usual spirits to parry them by raillery. I feel the terrors

of a child, who has, in heedless sport, put in motion some powerful piece of machinery; and, while he beholds wheels revolving, chains clashing, cylinders rolling around him, is equally astonished at the tremendous powers which his weak agency has called into action, and terrified for the consequences which he is compelled to await, without the possibility of averting them.

"I must not omit to say that my father is very kind and affectionate. The alarm which I have received forms a sufficient apology for my nervous complaints. My hopes are, that Brown has made his escape into the sister kingdom of England, or perhaps to Ireland, or the Isle of Man. In either case he may wait the issue of Hazlewood's wound with safety and with patience, for the communication of these countries with Scotland, for the purpose of justice, is not (thank Heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his being apprehended would be terrible at this

moment. I endeavour to strengthen my mind by arguing against the possibility of such a calamity. Alas! how soon have sorrows and fears, real as well as severe, followed the uniform and tranquil state of existence at which so lately I was disposed to repine! But I will not oppress you any longer with my complaints. Adieu, my dearest Matilda!

"JULIA MANNERING."

CHAPTER XI.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.—Look with thine ears: See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear—Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

King Lear.

Among those who took the most lively interest in endeavouring to discover the person by whom young Charles Hazlewood had been way-laid and wounded, was Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, late writer in ——, now Laird of Ellangowan, and one of the worshipful commission of justices of the peace for the county of ——. His motives for exertion upon this occasion were manifold; but we presume that our readers, from what they already know of this gentleman, will acquit him of being actua-

ted by any zealous or intemperate love of abstract justice."

The truth was, that this respectable personage felt himself less at ease than he had expected, when his machinations put him into possession of his benefactor's estate. His reflections within doors, where so much occurred to remind him of former times, were not always the self-congratulations of successful stratagem. And when he looked abroad, he could not but be sensible that he was excluded from the society of the gentry of the country, to whose rank he conceived he had raised himself. He was not admitted to their clubs, and at meetings of a public nature found himself thwarted and looked upon with coldness and contempt. Both principle and prejudice co-operated in creating this dislike; for the gentlemen of the country despised him for the lowness of his birth, while they hated him for the means by which he had raised his fortune. With the common people his reputation stood

still worse. They would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan, nor the usual compliment of *Mr* Glossin; —with them he was bare Glossin, and so incredibly was his vanity interested by this trifling circumstance, that he was known to give half-a-crown to a beggar, because he had thrice called him Ellangowan, in beseeching him for a penny. He therefore felt acutely the general want of respect, and particularly when he contrasted his own character and reception in society with that of Mr Mac-Morlan, who, in far inferior worldly circumstances, was beloved and respected both by rich and poor, and was slowly, but securely, laying the foundation of a moderate fortune, with the general good-will and esteem of all who knew him.

Glossin, while he repined internally at what he would fain have called the prejudices and prepossessions of the country, was too wise to make any open complaint. He was sensible his elevation was too re-

cent to be immediately forgiven, and the means by which he had attained it too odious to be soon forgotten. But time, thought he, diminishes wonder and palliates misconduct. With the dexterity, therefore, of one who had made his fortune by studying the weak points of human nature, he determined to lie by for opportunities to make himself useful even to those who most disliked him; confiding that his own abilities, the disposition of country gentlemen to fall into quarrels when a lawyer's advice becomes precious, and a thousand other contingencies, of which, with patience and address, he doubted not to be able to avail himself, would soon place him in a more important and respectable light to his neighbours.

The attack upon Colonel Mannering's house, followed by the accident of Hazlewood's wound, appeared to Glossin a proper opportunity to impress upon the country at large the service which could be rendered by an active magistrate, (for

he had been in the commission for some time) well acquainted with the law, and no less so with the haunts and habits of the illicit traders. He had acquired the latter kind of experience by a former close alliance with some of the most desperate smugglers, in consequence of which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as partner, sometimes as legal adviser, with these persons. But the connection had been dropped many years; nor, considering how short the race of eminent characters of this description, and the frequent circumstances which occur to make them retire from particular scenes of action, had he the least reason to think that his present researches could possibly compromise any old friend who might possess means of retaliation. The having been concerned in these practices abstractedly, was a circumstance which, according to his opinion, ought in no respect to interfere with his now using his experience in behalf of the public, or rather to further

his own private views. To acquire the good opinion and countenance of Colonel Mannering would be no small object to a gentleman who was much disposed to escape from Coventry ; and to gain the favour of old Hazlewood, who was a leading man in the county, was of more importance still. Lastly, if he should succeed in discovering, apprehending, and convicting the culprits, he would have the satisfaction of mortifying, and in some degree disparaging, Mac-Morlan, to whom, as sheriff-substitute of the county, this sort of investigation properly belonged, and who would certainly suffer in public opinion, should the voluntary exertions of Glossin be more successful than his own.

Actuated by motives so stimulating, and well acquainted with the lower retainers of the law, Glossin set every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, if possible, some of the gang who had attacked Woodbourne, and more particularly the individual who had wounded Charles Hazlewood.

He promised high rewards, he suggested various schemes, and used his personal interest among his old acquaintances who favoured the trade, urging that they had better make sacrifice of an understrapper or two than incur the odium of having favoured such atrocious proceedings. But for some time all these exertions were in vain. The common people of the country either favoured or feared the smugglers too much to afford any evidence against them. At length this busy magistrate obtained information, that a man, having the dress and appearance of the person who had wounded Hazlewood, had lodged on the evening before the rencontre at the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan. Thither Mr Glossin immediately went, for the purpose of interrogating our old acquaintance Mrs Mac-Candlish.

The reader may remember that Mr Glossin did not, according to this good woman's phrase, stand high in her books. She there-

fore attended his summons to the parlour slowly and reluctantly, and, on entering the room, paid her respects in the driest possible manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows:

"A fine frosty morning, Mrs Mac-Candlish."

"Aye, sir; the morning's weel aneuch."

"Mrs Mac-Candlish, I wish to know if the justices are to dine here as usual after the business of the court on Tuesday?"

"I believe—I fancy sae, sir—as usual" —(about to leave the room).

"Stay a moment, Mrs Mac-Candlish—why, you are in a prodigious hurry, my good friend—I have been thinking a club dining here once a month would be a very pleasant thing."

"Certainly, sir; a club of *respectable* gentlemen."

"True, true, I mean landed proprietors and gentlemen of weight in the county; and I should like to set such a thing agoing."

The short dry cough with which Mrs Mac-Candlish received this proposal, by no means indicated any dislike to the overture abstractedly considered, but only much doubt how far it would succeed under the auspices of the gentleman by whom it was proposed. It was not a cough negative, but a cough dubious, and as such Glossin felt it; but it was not his cue to take offence.

"Have there been brisk doings on the road, Mrs Mac Candlish? plenty of company, I suppose?"

"Pretty weel, sir,—but I believe I am wanted at the bar."

"No, no,—stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige an old customer?—Pray do you remember a remarkably tall young man, who lodged one night in your house last week?"

"Troth, sir, I canna weel say—I never take heed whether my company be lang or short, if they make a lang bill."

"And if they do not, you can do that for them, eh, Mrs Mac-Candlish ?—ha, ha, ha !—But this young man that I enquire after had a dark frock, with metal buttons, light-brown hair unpowdered, blue eyes, and a straight nose, travelled on foot, had no servant or baggage—you surely can remember having seen such a traveller ?"

"Indeed, sir, I canna charge my memory about the matter—there's mair to do in a house like this, I trow, than to look after passengers' hair, or their e'en, or noses, either."

"Then, Mrs Mac-Candlish, I must tell you in plain terms, that this person is suspected of having been guilty of a crime, and it is in consequence of these suspicions that I, as a magistrate, require this information from you,—and if you refuse to answer my questions, I must put you upon your oath."

"Troth, sir, I am no free to swear—we aye gaed to the Antiburgher meeting—it's

very true, in Baillie Mac-Candlish's time, (honest man) we keepit the kirk, whilk was most seemly in his station, as having office—but after his being called to a better place than Kippletringan, I hae gaen back to worthy Maister Mac-Grainer. And so ye see, sir, I am no clear to swear without speaking to the minister—especially against ony sackless puir young thing that's gaun through the country stranger and freendless like."

"I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without troubling Mr Mac-Grainer, when I tell you that this fellow whom I enquire after is the man who shot your young friend, Charles Hazlewood."

"Gudeness! wha could hae thought the like o' that o' him?—na, if it had been for debt, or e'en for a bit tuilzie wi' the gauger, the deil o' Nelly Mac-Candlish's tongue suld ever hae wranged him. But if he really shot young Hazlewood—but I canna think it, Mr Glossin; this will be some o' your skits now—I canna think it o' sae

douce a lad;—na, na, this is just some o' your auld skits.—Ye'll be for having a horning or a caption after him?"

"I see you have no confidence in me, Mrs Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by the persons who saw the crime committed, and judge yourself if the description of the ruffian be not that of your guest."

He put the papers into her hand, which she perused very carefully, often taking off her spectacles to cast her eyes up to Heaven, or perhaps to wipe a tear from them, for young Hazlewood was an especial favourite with the good dame. "Aweel, aweel!" she said, when she had concluded her examination, "since it's e'en sae, I gie him up, the villain—But O, we are erring mortals!—I never saw a face I liked better, or a lad that was mair douce and canny—I thought he had been some gentleman under trouble.—But I gie him up, the villain!—to shoot Charles Ha-

zlewood—and before the young ladies, poor innocent things!—I gie him up."

"So you admit, then, that such a person lodged here the night before this vile business."

"Troth did he, sir, and a' the house were ta'en wi' him, he was sick a frank pleasant young man. It wasna for his spending I'm sure, for he just had a mutton-chop, and a mug of ale, and may be a glass or twa o' wine—and I asked him to drink tea wi' mysell, and did na put that into the bill; and he took nae supper, for he said he was defeat wi' travel a' the night afore—I dare say now it had been on some hellicat errand or other."

"Did you by any chance learn his name?"

"I wot weel did I—for he said it was likely that an auld woman like a gypsey wife might be asking for him—Aye, aye! tell me your company, and I'll tell you wha ye are! O the villain!—Aweel, sir, when he gaed away in the morning he paid his bill

very honestly, and gae something to the chamber-maid, nae doubt, for Grizzy has naething frae me, bye twa pair o' new shoon ilka year, and may be a bit compliment at Hansel Monanday"—— Here Glossin found it necessary to interfere, and bring the good woman back to the point.

"Ou than, he just said, if there comes such a person to enquire after Mr Brown, you will say I am gone to look at the skaters on Loch Creeran, as you call it, and I will be back here to dinner.—But he never came back—though I expected him sae faithfully, that I gae a look to making the friar's chicken mysell, and to the crappit-heads too, and that's what I dinna do for ordinar, Mr Glossin—But little did I think what skating wark he was gaun about—to shoot Mr Charles, the innocent lamb!"

Mr Glossin, having, like a prudent examinator, suffered his witness to give vent to all her surprise and indignation, now began to enquire whether the suspected

person had left any property or papers about the inn.

"Troth, he put a parcel—a sma' parcel under my charge, and he gae me some siller, and desired me to get him half-a-dozen ruffled sarks, and Peg Pasley's in hands wi' them e'en now—they may serve him to gang up the Lawn-market in, the scoundrel!" Mr Glossin then demanded to see the packet, but here mine hostess demurred.

"She didna ken—she wad not say but justice should take its course—but when a thing was trusted to ane in her way, doubtless they were responsible—but she suld cry in Deacon Bearcliff, and if Mr Glossin liked to tak an inventar o' the property, and gie her a receipt before the Deacon—or, what she wad like muckle better, an it could be sealed up and left in Deacon Bearcliff's hands, it wad mak her mind easy. She was for naething but justice on a' sides."

Mrs Mac-Candlish's nat ral sagacity and

acquired suspicion being inflexible, Glossin sent for Deacon Bearcliff, to speak "anent the villain that had shot Mr Charles Hazlewood." The Deacon accordingly made his appearance, with his wig awry, owing to the hurry with which, at this summons of the Justice, he had exchanged it for the Kilmarnock-cap in which he usually attended his customers. Mrs Mac-Candlish then produced the parcel deposited with her by Brown, in which was found the gypsey's purse. Upon perceiving the value of the miscellaneous contents, Mrs Mac-Candlish internally congratulated herself upon the precautions she had taken before delivering them up to Glossin, while he, with an appearance of disinterested candour, was the first to propose they should be properly inventoried and deposited with Deacon Bearcliff, until they should be sent to the Crown office. "He did not," he observed, "like to be personally responsible for articles which seemed of considerable value, and had doubtless

been acquired by the most nefarious practices."

He then examined the paper in which the purse had been wrapt up. It was the back of a letter addressed to V. Brown, Esquire, but the rest of the address was torn away. The landlady, now as eager to throw light upon the criminal's escape as she had formerly been desirous of withholding it,—for the miscellaneous contents of the purse argued strongly to her mind that all was not right,—Mrs Mac-Candlish, I say, now gave Glossin to understand, that her postillion and ostler had both seen the stranger upon the ice that day when young Hazlewood was wounded.

Our reader's old acquaintance, Jock Jabos, was first summoned, and admitted frankly, that he had seen and conversed upon the ice that morning with a stranger, who, he understood, had lodged at the Gordon Arms the night before.

"What turn did your conversation take?" said Glossin.

"Turn?—ou, we turned nae gate at a',

but just keepit straight forward upon the ice like."

"Well, but what did ye speak about?"

"Ou, he just asked questions like ony ither stranger."

"But about what?"

"Ou, just about the folk that was playing at the curling, and about auld Jock Stevenson that was at the cock, and about the leddies, and sick like."

"What ladies? and what did he ask about them, Jock?"

"What leddies? ou it was Miss Jowlia Mannering and Miss Lucy Bertram, that ye ken fu' weel yoursell, Mr Glossin—they were walking wi' the young Laird of Hazlewood upon the ice."

"And what did you tell him about them?"

"Tut, we just said that was Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, that should ance have had a great estate in the country—and that was Miss Jowlia Mannering, that was to be married to young Hazlewood—See as she was hinging on his arm—we just

spoke about our country clashes like—he was a very frank man."

"Well, and what did he say in answer?"

"Ou, he just stared at the young leddies very keen like, and asked if it was for certain that the marriage was to be between Miss Mannering and young Hazlewood—and I answered him that it was for positive and absolute certain, as I had an undoubted right to say sae—for my third cousin, Jean Claverse, (she's a relation o' your ain, Mr Glossin, ye wad ken Jean lang syne?) she's sib to the house-keeper at Woodbourne, and she's tell'd me mair nor ance that there was naething mair likely."

"And what did the stranger say when you told him all this?"

"Say? naething at a— he just stared at them as they walked round the loch upon the ice, as if he could have eaten them, and he never took his e'e aff them or said another word, though there was the finest fun amang the curlers ever was seen—and he turned round and gaed aff the loch by the

kirk stile through Woodbourne fir-plantings, and we saw nae mair o' him."

"Only think," said Mrs Mac-Candlish, "what a hard heart he maun hae had, to think o' hurting the poor young gentleman before the leddy he was to be married to!"

"O, Mrs Mac-Candlish," said Glossin, "there's been many cases such as that on the record—doubtless he was seeking revenge where it would be deepest and sweetest."

"God pity us!" said Deacon Bearcliff, "we're puir creatures when left to oursells!—aye, he forgot wha said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.'"

"Weel, aweel, sirs," said Jabos, whose hard-headed and uncultivated shrewdness seemed sometimes to start the game when others beat the bush—"Weel, weel, ye may be a' mista'en yet—I'll never believe that a man would lay a plan to shoot another wi' his ain gun. Lord help ye, I was the keeper's assistant down at the Isle my-

sell, and I'll uphad it, the biggest man in Scotland shouldna take a gun frae me or I had weized the slugs through him, though I'm but sic a little feckless body, fit for naething but the outside o' a saddle and the fore-end o' a poschay—na, na, nae living man wad venture on that. I'll wad my best buckskins, and they were new coft at Kirkcudbright fair, it's been a chance job after a'.—But if ye hae naething mair to say to me, I am thinking I maun gang and see my beasts fed"—and he departed accordingly.

The ostler, who had accompanied him, gave evidence to the same purpose. He and Mrs Mac-Candlish were then re-interrogated, whether Brown had no arms with him on that unhappy morning. "None," they said, "but an ordinary bit cutlass or hanger by his side."

"Now," said the Deacon, taking Glossin by the button, (for, in considering this intricate subject, he had forgot Glossin's new accession of rank)—"this is but

doubtfu' after a', Maister Gilbert—for it was not sae dooms likely that he would go down into battle wi' sic sma' means."

Glossin extricated himself from the Deacon's grasp, and from the discussion, though not with rudeness; for it was his present interest to buy golden opinions from all sorts of people. He enquired the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing himself for the year; he gave Mrs MacCandlish directions to have a handsome entertainment in readiness for a party of five friends, whom he intended to invite to dine with him at the Gordon-Arms next Saturday week; and, lastly, he gave a half-crown to Jock Jabos, whom the ostler had deputed to hold his steed.

"Weel," said the Deacon to Mrs MacCandlish, as he accepted her offer of a glass of bitters at the bar, "the deil's no sae ill as he's ca'd. It's pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o' the county that Mr Glossin does."

"Aye, 'deed is't, Deacon," answered the

landlady; "and yet I wonder our gentry leave their ain wark to the like o' him.—But as lang as siller's current, Deacon, folk manna look ower nicely at what king's head's on't."

"I doubt Glossin will prove but *shand* after a', mistress," said Jabos, as he passed through the little lobby beside the bar; "but this is a gude half-crown ony way."

CHAPTER XII.

A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Measure for Measure.

Glossin had made careful minutes of the information derived from these examinations. They threw little light upon the story, so far as he understood its purport; but the better informed reader has received, through means of this investigation, an account of Brown's proceedings, between the moment when we left him upon his walk to Kippletringan, and the time when, stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unhappily presented himself before Julia Mannering, and well nigh brought

to a fatal termination the quarrel which his appearance occasioned.

Glossin rode slowly back to Ellangowan, pondering on what he had heard, and more and more convinced that the active and successful prosecution of this mysterious business was an opportunity of ingratiating himself with Hazlewood and Mannering, to be on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt his professional acuteness interested in bringing it to a successful close. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that on his return to his house from Kippletringan, he heard his servants announce hastily, "that Mac-Guffog, the thief-taker, and twa or three concurrents, had a man in hands in the kitchen waiting for his honour."

He hastily jumped from horseback, and hastened into the house. "Send my clerk here directly; ye'll find him copying the survey of the estate in the little green parlour. Set things to rights in my study, and wheel the great leather chair up to

the writing-table—set a stool for Mr Scrow. —Scrow, (to the clerk, as he entered the presence-chamber,) hand down Sir George Mackenzie on Crimes; open it at the section *Vis Publica et Privata*, and fold down a leaf at the passage, 'anent the bearing of unlawful weapons.' Now lend me a hand off with my muckle coat, and hang it up in the lobby, and bid them bring up the prisoner—I trow I will sort him fire brand, first send up Mac-Guffog.— Now, Mac-Guffog, where did ye find this chield?"

Mac-Guffog, a stout bandy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a fire-brand, and a most portentous squint of the left eye, began, after various contortions by way of courtesy to the Justice, to tell his story, eking it out by sundry sly nods and knowing winks, which appeared to bespeak an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal auditor. "Your honour sees I went down to yon place that your honour

spoke of, that's kept by her that your honour kens of, by the sea-side.—So says she, what are you wanting here? ye'll be come wi' a broom in your pocket frae Ellangowan?—So says I, deel a broom will come frae there awa', for ye ken, says I, his honour Ellangowan himsell in former times"——

"Well, well, no occasion to be particular, tell the essentials."

"Weel, so we sat niffering about some brandy that I said I wanted, till he came in."

"Who?"

"He!" pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. "So he had his griego wrapped close round him, and I judged he was not dry-handed—so I thought it was best to speak proper, and so he believed I was a Manks man, and I kept aye between him and her, for fear she had whistled. And then we began to drink about, and then I betted he would not drink out a

quartern of Hollands without drawing breath—and then he tried it—and just then Slounging Jock and Dick Spur'em came in, and we clinked the darbies on him, took him quiet as a lamb—and now he's had his bit sleep out, and is as fresh as a May gowan, to answer what your honour likes to speer." This narrative, delivered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

"Had he no arms?" asked the Justice.

"Aye, aye, they are never without barkers and slashers."

"Any papers?"

"This bundle," delivering a dirty pocket book.

"Go down stairs, then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waiting." The officer left the room.

The clink of irons was immediately afterwards heard upon the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced,

hand-cuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny, and muscular, and although his shagged and grizzled hair marked an age somewhat advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a person whom few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still flushed, and his eye still reeled under the influence of the strong potation which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which Mac-Guffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties. The worthy judge, and the no less estimable captive, looked at each other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossin apparently recognised his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with his investigation. At length he broke silence. "Soh, Captain—this is you?—you have been a stranger on this coast for some years."

"Stranger?" replied the other, "strange enough, I think—for hold me der deyvil, if I been ever here before."

"That won't pass, Mr Captain."

"That must pass, Mr Justice—sapperment!"

"And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present," said Glossin, "just until I shall bring some other folks to refresh your memory, concerning who you are, or at least who you have been?"

"What bin I?—donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Janson, from Cuxhaven—what sall Ich bin?"

Glossin took from a case which was in the apartment, a pair of small pocket pistols, which he loaded with ostentatious care. "You may retire," said he to his clerk, "and carry the people with you, Scrow—but wait in the lobby within call."

The clerk would have offered some remonstrances to his patron on the dan-

ger of remaining alone with such a desperate character, although iron'd beyond the possibility of active exertion, but Glossin waved him off impatiently. When he had left the room, the Justice took two short turns through the apartment, then drew his chair opposite to the prisoner, so as to confront him fully, placed the pistols before him in readiness, and said in a steady voice, "You are Dirk Hatteraick of Flushing, are you not?"

The prisoner turned his eye instinctively to the door, as if he apprehended some one was listening. Glossin rose, opened the door, so that from the chair in which his prisoner sate he might satisfy himself there was no eve's-dropper within hearing, then shut it, resumed his seat, and repeated his question. "You are Dirk Hatteraick, formerly of the Yungfrauw Haagenslaapen, are you not?"

"Tousand deyvils!—and if you know that, why ask me?"

"Because I am surprised to see you in

the very last place where you ought to be, if you regard your safety."

"Der deyvil!—no man regards his own safety that speaks so to me!"

"What? unarmed, and in irons!—well said, Captain! But, Captain, bullying won't do—you'll hardly get out of this country without accounting for a little accident that happened at Warroch Point a few years ago."

Hatteraick's looks grew black as midnight.

"For my part," continued Glossin, "I have no particular wish to be hard upon an old acquaintance—but I must do my duty—I shall send you off to Edinburgh in a post-chaise and four this very day."

"Poz donner! you would not do that—why you had the matter of half a cargo, in bills on Vanbeest and Vanbruggen."

"It is so long since, Captain Hatteraick, that I really forget how I was recompensed for my trouble."

"Your trouble?—your silence, you mean."

"It was an affair in the course of business—and I have retired from business for some time."

"Aye, but I have a notion that I could make you go steady about, and try the old course again. Why, man, hold me der deyvil, but I meant to visit you, and tell you something that concerns you."

"Of the boy?" said Glossin eagerly.

"Yaw, Mynheer."

"He does not live, does he?"

"As lifelich as you or I."

"Good God!—But in India?"

"No, tousand deyvils, here! on this dirty coast of yours."

"But, Hatteraick, this—that is if it be true, which I do not believe,—this will ruin us both, for he cannot but remember your neat job; and for me—it will be productive of the worst consequences! It will ruin us both, I tell you."

"I tell you it will ruin none but you—for I am done up already, and if I must strap for it, all shall out."

"Zounds, what brought you back to this coast like a madman?"

"Why, all the gelt was gone, and the house was shaking, and I thought the job was clayed over."

"Stay, what can be done?—I dare not discharge you—but might you not be rescued in the way?—aye sure—a word to Lieutenant Brown,—and I would send the people with you by the coast road."

"No, no! that won't do—Brown's dead—shot—laid in the locker, man—the devil has the picking of him."

"Dead?—shot?—at Woodbourne, I suppose?"

"Yaw, Mynheer."

Glossin paused—the sweat broke upon his brow with the agony of his feelings, while the hard-featured miscreant who sat opposite, coolly rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and squirted the juice into the fire-grate. "It would be ruin," said Glossin to himself, "absolute ruin, if the heir should re-appear—and then what might

be the consequence of conniving with these men?—yet there is so little time to take measures—Hark you, Hatteraick; I can't set you at liberty—but I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty—I always like to assist an old friend. I shall confine you in the old castle for to-night, and give these people double allowance of grog. Mac-Guffog will fall in the trap in which he caught you. The stancheons on the window of the strong room, as they call it, are wasted to pieces, and it is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the snow lies thick."

"But the darbies," said Hatteraick, looking upon his fetters.

"Hark ye," said Glossin, going to a tool chest, and taking out a small file, "there's a friend for you, and you know the road to the sea by the stairs." Hatteraick shook his chains in ecstacy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his fettered hand towards his protector. Glossin laid his finger upon his lips with a cau-

tious glance at the door, and then proceeded in his instructions. "When you escape, you had better go to the Kaim of Derncleugh."

"Donner! that howff is blown."

"The devil!—well then, you may steal my skiff that lies on the beach there, and away. But you must remain snug at the Point of Warroch till I come to see you."

"The Point of Warroch?" said Hatteraick, his countenance again falling, "What, in the cave I suppose?—I would rather it were any where else;—es spuckt da!—they say for certain that he walks—But, donner and blitzen! I never shunned him alive, and I won't shun him dead—Strafe mich helle! it shall never be said Dirk Hatteraick feared either dog or devil! So I am to wait there till I see you?"

"Aye, aye," answered Glossin, "and now I must call in the men."

"I can make nothing of Captain Janson, as he calls himself, Mac-Guffog, and it's now too late to bundle him off to the

county jail. Is there not a strong room up yonder in the old castle?"

"Aye is there, sir; my uncle, the constable, ance kept a man there for three days in auld Ellangowan's time. But there was an unco dust about it—it was tried in the inner house afore the feifteen."

"I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long—it's only a makeshift for a night. There is a small room through which it opens, you may light a fire for yourselves there, and I'll send you plenty of stuff to make you comfortable. But be sure you lock the door upon the prisoner; and, hark ye, let him have a fire in the strong room too, the season requires it. Perhaps he'll make a clean breast to-morrow."

With these instructions, and with a large allowance of food and liquor, the Justice dismissed his party to keep guard for the night in the old castle, under the full hope and belief that they would neither spend the night in watching nor prayer.

There was little fear that Glossin himself should that night sleep over-sound. His situation was perilous in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villainy seemed at once to be crumbling around and above him. He laid himself to rest, and tossed upon his pillow for a long time in vain. At length he fell asleep, but it was only to dream of his patron,—now, as he had last seen him, with the paleness of death upon his features, then again transformed into all the vigour and comeliness of youth, approaching to expel him from the mansion-house of his fathers. Then he dreamed, that after wandering long over a wild heath, he came at length to an inn, from which sounded the voice of revelry, and that when he entered, the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, all smashed and gory, as he had lain on the beach at Warroch Point, but with a reeking punch-bowl in his hand. Then the scene changed to a dungeon, where he heard Dirk Hatteraick, whom he ima-

gined to be under sentence of death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman.—"After the bloody deed was done," said the penitent, "we retreated into a cave close beside, the secret of which was known but to one man in the country; we were debating what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to the gypsies, when we heard the cries of the pursuers hallooing to each other. One man alone came straight to our cave, and it was that man who knew the secret—but we made him our friend at the expence of half the value of the goods saved. By his advice we carried off the child to Holland in our consort, which came the following night to take us from the coast. That man was"——

"No, I deny it!—it was not I," said Glossin; and, struggling in his agony to express his denial more distinctly, he awoke.

It was, however, conscience, that had prepared this mental phantasmagoria. The

truth was, that, knowing much better than any other person the haunts of the smugglers, he had, while the others were searching in different directions, gone straight to the cave, even before he had learned the murder of Kennedy, whom he expected to find their prisoner. He came upon them with some idea of mediation, but found them in the midst of their guilty terrors, while the rage, which had hurried them on to murder, began, with all but Hatteraick, to sink into remorse and fear. Glossin was then indigent and greatly in debt, but he was already possessed of Mr Bertram's ear, and, aware of the facility of his disposition, he saw no difficulty in enriching himself at his expence, provided the heir-male were removed, in which case the estate became the unlimited property of the weak and prodigal father. Stimulated by present gain, and the prospect of contingent advantage, he accepted the bribe which the smugglers offered in their terror, and connived at, or rather encou-

raged, their intention of carrying away the child of his benefactor, who, if left behind, was old enough to have described the scene of blood which he had witnessed. The only palliative which the ingenuity of Glossin could offer to his conscience was, that the temptation was great, and came suddenly upon him, embracing, as it were, the very advantages upon which his mind had so long rested, and promising to relieve him from distresses which must have otherwise speedily overwhelmed him. Besides, he endeavoured to think that self-preservation rendered his conduct necessary. He was, in some degree, in the power of the robbers, and pleaded hard with his conscience, that, had he declined their offers, the assistance which he could have called for, though not distant, might not have arrived in time to save him from men, who, on less provocation, had just committed murder.

Galled with the anxious forebodings of a guilty conscience, Glossin now arose,

and looked out upon the night. The scene, which we have already described in the beginning of our first volume, was now covered with snow, and the brilliant, though waste, whiteness of the land, gave to the sea by contrast a dark and livid tinge. A landscape covered with snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness, and from its comparative infrequency, a wild, strange, and desolate appearance. Objects, well known to us in their common state, have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised, that we seem gazing on an unknown world. But it was not with such reflections, that the mind of this bad man was occupied. His eye was upon the gigantic and gloomy outlines of the old castle, where, in a flanking tower of enormous size and thickness, glimmered two lights, one from the window of the strong room, where Hatteraick was confined, the other from that of the adjacent apartment, occupied by his keep-

ers. "Has he made his escape, or will he be able to do so?—Have these men watched, who never watched before, in order to complete my ruin?—If morning finds him there, he must be committed to prison; Mac-Morlan or some other person will take the matter up—he will be detected—convicted—and will tell all in revenge!"——

While these racking thoughts glided rapidly through Glossin's mind, he observed one of the lights obscured, as by an opake body placed at the window. What a moment of interest!—"He has got clear of his irons!—he is working at the stancheons of the window—they are surely quite decayed, they must give way—O God! they have fallen outward, I heard them clink among the stones!—the noise cannot fail to wake them—furies seize his Dutch awkwardness!—The light burns free again—they have torn him from the window, and are binding him in the room!—No! he had only retired an instant on the alarm of the

falling bars—he is at the window again—the light is quite obscured now—he is getting out!"——

A heavy sound, as of a body dropped from a height among the snow, announced that Hatteraick had completed his escape, and shortly after Glossin beheld a dark figure, like a shadow, steal along the whitened beach, and reach the spot where the skiff lay. New cause for fear! "His single strength will be unable to float her," said Glossin to himself; "I must go to the rascal's assistance.—But no! he has got her off, and now, thank God, her sail is spreading itself against the moon—aye, he has got the breeze now—would to heaven it were a tempest to sink him to the bottom!"—After this last cordial wish, he continued watching the progress of the boat as it stood away towards the Point of Warroch, until he could no longer distinguish the dusky sail from the gloomy waves over which it glided. Satisfied then that the

immediate danger was averted, he retired with somewhat more composure to his guilty pillow.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Why dost not comfort me, and help me out,
> From this unhallowed and blood-stain'd hole?
>
> *Titus Andronicus.*

On the next morning, great was the alarm and confusion of the officers, when they discovered the escape of their prisoner. Mac-Guffog appeared before Glossin with a head perturbed with brandy and fear, and incurred a most severe reprimand for neglect of duty. The resentment of the Justice appeared only to be suspended by his anxiety to recover possession of the prisoner, and the thief-takers, glad to escape from his awful and incensed presence, were sent off in every direction (except the right one) to reco-

ver their prisoner, if possible. Glossin particularly recommended a careful search at the Kaim of Derncleugh, which was occasionally occupied under night by vagrants of different descriptions. Having thus dispersed his myrmidons in various directions, he himself hastened by devious paths through the Wood of Warroch, to his appointed interview with Hatteraick, from whom he hoped to learn, at more leisure than last night's conference admitted, the circumstances attending the return of the heir of Ellangowan to his native country.

With manœvres like those of a fox when he doubles to avoid the pack, Glossin strove to approach the place of appointment in a manner which should leave no distinct track of his course. "Would to Heaven it would snow," said he, looking upward, "and hide these foot-prints. Should one of the officers light upon them, he would run the scent up like a blood-hound, and surprise us. I must get down

upon the sea-beach, and contrive to creep along beneath the rocks."

And, accordingly, he descended from the cliffs with some difficulty, and scrambled along between the rocks and the advancing tide, now looking up to see if his motions were watched from the rocks above him; now casting a jealous glance to mark if any boat appeared upon the sea, from which his course might be discovered.

But even the feelings of selfish apprehension were for a time superseded, as Glossin passed the spot where Kennedy's body had been found. It was marked by the fragment of rock which had been precipitated from the cliff above, either with the body or after it. The mass was now encrusted with small shell-fish, and tasselled with tangle and sea-weed; but still its shape and substance were different from those of the other rocks which lay scattered around. His voluntary walks, it will readily be believed, had never led to this

spot; so that finding himself now there for the first time after the terrible catastrophe, the scene at once recurred to his mind with all its accompaniments of horror. He remembered how, like a guilty thing, gliding from the neighbouring place of concealment, he had mingled with eagerness, yet with caution, among the terrified group who surrounded the corpse, dreading lest any one should ask from whence he came. He remembered, too, with what conscious fear he had avoided gazing upon that ghastly spectacle. The wild scream of his patron, "My bairn! my bairn!" again rang in his ears. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "and is all I have gained worth the agony of that moment, and the thousand anxious fears and horrors which have since embittered my life!—O how I wish that I lay where that wretched man lies, and that he stood here in life and health!—but these regrets are all too late."

Stifling, therefore, his feelings, he crept forward to the cave, which was so near the

spot where the body was found, that the smugglers might have heard from their hiding-place the various conjectures of the by-standers concerning the fate of their victim. But nothing could be more completely concealed than the entrance to their asylum. The opening, not larger than that of a fox-earth, lay in the face of the cliff directly behind a large black rock, or rather upright stone, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who used it as a place of retreat. The space between the stone and the cliff was exceedingly narrow, and being heaped with sand and other rubbish, the most minute search would not have discovered the mouth of the cavern, without removing those substances which the tide had heaped before it. For the purpose of farther concealment, it was usual with the contraband traders who used this haunt, after they had entered, to stuff the mouth with withered sea-weed, loosely piled together as if drifted there by the

waves. Dirk Hatteraick had not forgotten this precaution.

Glossin, though a bold and hardy man, felt his heart throb, and his knees knock together, when he prepared to enter this den of secret iniquity, in order to hold conference with a felon, whom he justly accounted one of the most desperate and depraved of men. "But he has no interest to injure me," was his consolatory reflection. He examined his pocket-pistols, however, before removing the weeds and entering the cavern, which he did upon hands and knees. The passage, which at first was low and narrow, just admitting entrance to a man in a creeping posture, expanded after a few yards into a high arched vault of considerable width. The bottom, ascending gradually, was covered with the purest sand. Ere Glossin had got upon his feet, the hoarse yet suppressed voice of Hatteraick growled through the recesses of the cave.

"Hagel and donner!—be'st du?"

"Are you in the dark?"

"Dark? der deyvil! aye; where should I have a glim?"

"I have brought light;" and Glossin accordingly produced a tinder-box, and lighted a small lanthorn.

"You must kindle some fire too, for hold mich der deyvil, Ich bin ganz gefrorne!"——

"It is a cold place to be sure," said Glossin, gathering together some decayed staves of barrels and pieces of wood, which had perhaps lain in the cavern since Dirk Hatteraick was there last.

"Cold? snow-wasser and hagel!—it's perdition—I could only keep myself alive by rambling up and down this d—d vault, and thinking about the merry rouses we have had in it."

The flame now began to blaze sprightly, and Hatteraick hung his bronzed visage, and expanded his hard and sinewy hands over it, with an avidity resembling that of famine to which food is exposed.

The light shewed his savage and stern features, and the smoke, which in his agony of cold he seemed to endure almost to suffocation, after circling round his head, rose to the dim and rugged roof of the cave, through which it escaped by some secret rents or clefts in the rock; the same doubtless that afforded air to the cavern when the tide was in, at which time the aperture to the sea was filled with water.

"And now I have brought you some breakfast," said Glossin, producing some cold meat and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick eagerly seized upon, and applied to his mouth; and, after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with great rapture, "Das schmeckt!—That is good—that warms the liver!" Then broke into the fragment of a High-Dutch song,

"Saufen bier, und brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die fenstern ein;
Ich bin liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich leute a."

"Well said, my hearty Captain!" cried Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of revelry,—

"Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!"—

"That's it, my bully-boy! Why, you're alive again now!—And now let us talk about our business."

"*Your* business, if you please," said Hatteraick; "hagel and donner!—mine was done when I got out of the bilboes."

"Have patience, my good friend;—I'll convince you our interests are just the same."

Hatteraick gave a short dry cough, and Glossin after a pause proceeded.

"How came you to let the boy escape?"

"Why, fluch and blitzen! he was no charge of mine. Lieutenant Brown gave him to his cousin that's in the Middle-

burgh house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and told him some goose's gazette about his being taken in a skirmish with the land-sharks—he gave him for a foot-boy. Me let him escape? the bastard kinchin should have walked the plank ere I troubled myself about him."

"Well, and was he bred a foot-boy then?"

"Nein, nein; the kinchin got about the old man's heart, and he gave him his own name, and bred him up in the office, and then sent him to India—I believe he would have packed him back here, but his nephew told him it would do up the free trade for many a day, if the youngster got back to Scotland."

"Do you think he knows much of his own origin now?"

"Deyvil! how should I tell what he knows now? But he remembered something of it long. When he was but ten years old, he persuaded another Satan's limb of an English bastard like himself to

steal my lugger's khan—boat—what do you call it—to return to his country, as he called it—fire him! Before we could overtake them, they had the skiff out of channel as far as the Deurloo—the boat might have been lost."

"I wish to Heaven she had—with him in her!"

"Why, I was so angry myself, that, sapperment! I did give him a tip over the side—but split him—the comical little devil swam like a duck; so I made him swim astern for a mile to teach him manners, and then took him in when he was sinking. By the knocking Nicholas! he'll plague you, now he's come over the herring-pond! When he was so high, he had the spirit of thunder and lightning."

"How did he get back from India?"

"Why, how should I know?—the house there was done up, and that gave us a shake at Middleburgh, I think—so they sent me again to see what could be done among my old acquaintances here—for we

held old stories were done away and forgotten. So I had got a pretty trade on foot within the last two trips; but that stupid houndsfoot schelm, Brown, has knocked it on the head again, I suppose, with getting himself shot by the colonel-man."

"Why were you not with them?"

"Why, you see, sapperment! I fear nothing—but it was too far within land, and I might have been scented."

"True. But to return to this youngster"——

"Aye, aye, donner and blitzen! *he's* your affair."

"—How do you really know that he is in this country?"

"Why, Gabriel saw him up among the hills."

"Gabriel? who is he?"

"A fellow from the gypsies, that, about eighteen years since, was pressed on board that d—d fellow Pritchard's sloop of war—It was he came off and gave us warning that the Shark was coming round upon us

the day Kennedy was done; and he told us how Kennedy had given the information. The gypsies and Kennedy had some quarrel besides. He went to the East Indies in the same ship with your younker, and, sapperment! knew him well, though the other did not remember him. Gab kept out of his eye though, as he had served the States against England, and was a deserter to boot; and he sent us word directly, that we might know of his being here—though it does not concern us a rope's end."

"So he really is in this country then, Hatteraick, between friend and friend?"

"Wetter and donner, yaw! What do you take me for?"

"A blood-thirsty, fearless miscreant!" thought Glossin internally, but said aloud, "And which of your people was it that shot young Hazlewood?"

"Sturm wetter! do you think we were mad?—none of *us*, man—Gott! the country was too hot for the trade already with that d——d frolic of Brown."

"Why, I am told it was Brown shot Hazlewood?"

"Not our lieutenant, I promise you; for he was laid six feet deep at Derncleugh the day before the thing happened. Tausend deyvils, man! do you think that he could rise out of the earth to shoot another man?"

A light here began to break upon Glossin's confusion of ideas. "Did you not say that the younker, as you call him, goes by the name of Brown?"

"Of Brown? yaw—Vanbeest Brown; old Vanbeest Brown of our Vanbeest and Vanbruggen gave him his own name—he did."

"Then," said Glossin, rubbing his hands, "it is he, by Heaven, who has committed this crime!"

"And what have we to do with that?" answered Hatteraick.

Glossin paused, and, fertile in expedients, hastily ran over his project in his own mind, and then drew near the smuggler with a confidential air. "You know, my dear

Hatteraick, it is our principal business to get rid of this young man?"

"Umh!" answered Dirk Hatteraick.

"Not," continued Glossin—"not that I would wish any personal harm to him—if—if—if we can do without. Now, he is liable to be seized upon by justice, both as bearing the same name with your lieutenant, who was engaged in that affair at Woodbourne, and for firing at young Hazlewood with intent to kill or wound."

"Eye, eye—but what good will that do you? he'll be loose again so soon as he shews himself to carry other colours."

"True, my dear Dirk, well noticed, my friend Hatteraick! But there is ground enough for a temporary imprisonment till he fetch his proofs from England or elsewhere, my good friend. I understand the law, Captain Hatteraick, and I'll take it upon me, simple Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, justice of peace for the county of ——, to refuse his bail, if he should offer

the best in the country, until he is brought up for a second examination—now where d'ye think I'll incarcerate him?"

"Hagel and wetter! what do I care?"

"Stay, my friend—you do care a great deal. Do you know your goods, that were seized and carried to Woodbourne, are now lying in the custom-house at Portanferry? (a small fishing-town)—Now I will commit this younker"—

"When you have caught him?"

"Aye, aye, when I have caught him, I shall not be long about that—I will commit him to the Workhouse, or Bridewell, which you know is beside the Custom-house."

"Yaw, the Rasp-house; I know it very well."

"I will take care that the red-coats are dispersed through the country; you land at night with the crew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and carry the younker Brown with you back to Flushing. Won't that do?"

"Aye, or—to America?"

"Aye, aye, my friend."

"Or—to Jericho?"

"Psha! Wherever you have a mind."

"Aye, or—pitch him overboard?"

"Nay, I advise no violence."

"Nein, nein—you leave that to me. Sturm wetter! I know you of old. But hark ye, what am I, Dirk Hatteraick, to be the better of this?"

"Why, is it not your interest as well as mine?—besides I set you free this morning."

"*You* set me free!—Donner and deyvil! I set myself free. Besides it was all in the way of your profession, and happened a long time ago, ha, ha, ha!"

"Pshaw! pshaw! don't let us jest; I am not against making a handsome compliment—but it's your affair as well as mine."

"What do you talk of *my* affair? is it not you that keep the younker's whole estate from him? Dirk Hatteraick never touched a stiver of his rents."

"Hush—hush—I tell you it shall be a joint business."

"Why, will ye give me half the kitt?"

"What, half the estate?—d'ye mean we should set up house together at Ellangowan, and take the barony, ridge about?"

"Sturm wetter, no! but you might give me half the value—half the gelt. Live with you? nein—I would have a lust-haus of mine own on the Middleburgh dyke, and a blumen-garten like a burgo-master's."

"Aye, and a wooden lion at the door, and a painted centinel in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth!—But hark ye, Hatteraick; what will all the tulips, and flower-gardens, and pleasure-houses in the Netherlands do for you, if you are hanged here in Scotland?"

Hatteraick's countenance fell. "Der deyvil! hanged?"

"Aye, hanged! mein heer Captain.—The devil can scarce save Dirk Hatteraick from being hanged for a murderer and kid-

napper, if the younker of Ellangowan should settle in this country, and if the gallant Captain chances to be caught here re-establishing his fair trade! And I won't say, but as peace is now so much talked of, their High Mightinesses may not hand him over to oblige their new allies, even if he remained in fader-land."

"Poz hagel blitzen and donner! I--I doubt you say true."

"Not," said Glossin, perceiving he had made the desired impression, "not that I am against being civil;" and he slid into Hatteraick's passive hand a bank-note of some value.

"Is this all?" said the smuggler; "you had the price of half a cargo for winking at our job, and made us do your business too."

"But, my good friend, you forget—in this case you will recover all your own goods."

"Aye, at the risk of all our own necks—we could do that without you."

"I doubt that, Captain Hatteraick, because you would probably find a dozen redcoats at the custom-house. Come, come, I will be as liberal as I can, but you should have a conscience."

"Now strafe mich der deyfel!—this provokes me more than all the rest!—You rob and you murder, and you want me to rob and murder, and play the silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen times over, and then, hagel and wind-sturm! you speak to me of conscience!—Can you think of no fairer way of getting rid of this unlucky lad?"

"No, mein heer; but as I commit him to your charge"——

"To *my* charge—to the charge of steel and gunpowder! and—well, if it must be, it must—but you have a good guess what's like to come of it."

"O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity will be necessary."

"Severity!" said the fellow, with a kind of groan, "I wish you had had my dreams when I first came to this dog-hole, and

tried to sleep among the dry sea-weed.—First there was that d—d fellow there with his broken back, sprawling as he did when I hurled the rock over a-top on un—ha, ha! you would have sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand, wriggling like a crushed frog;—and then"——

"Nay, my friend, what signifies going over this nonsense?—if you are turned chicken-hearted, why the game's up, that's all—the game's up with us both."

"Chicken-hearted?—No. I have not lived so long upon the account to start at last, neither for deyvil nor Dutchman."

"Well, then, take another schnaps—the cold's at your heart still.—And now tell me, are any of your old crew with you?"

"Nein—all dead, hanged, drowned, and damned. Brown was the last—all dead but Gypsey Gab, and he would go off the country for a spill of money—or he'll be quiet for his own sake—or old Meg, his aunt, will keep him quiet for her's."

"Which Meg?"

"Meg Merrilies, the old devil's limb of a gypsey witch."

"Is she still alive?"

"Yaw."

"And in this country?"

"And in this country. She was at the Kaim of Derncleugh, at Vanbeest Brown's last wake, as they call it, the other night, with two of my people, and some of her own blasted gypsies."

"That's another breaker a-head, Captain! Will she not squeak, think ye?"

"Not she—she won't start—she swore by the salmon, if we did the kinchin no harm, she would never tell how the gauger got it. Why, man, though I gave her a wipe with my hanger in the heat of the matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long after to trouble about it up at your borough-town there, der deyvil! old Meg was as true as steel."

"Why, that's true as you say. And if she could be carried over to Zealand, or Hamburgh, or, or——any where else, you know,—it were as well."

Hatteraick jumped upright upon his feet, and looked at Glossin from head to heel.—"I don't see the goat's foot," he said, "and yet he must be the very deyvil!—But Meg Merrilies is closer yet with the Kobold than you are—aye, and I had never such weather as after having drawn her blood.—Nein, nein—I'll meddle with her no more—she's a witch of the fiend—a real deyvil's-kind—but that's her affair. Donner and wetter! I'll neither make nor meddle—that's her work. But for the rest—why, if I thought the trade would not suffer, I would soon rid you of the younker, if you send me word when he's under embargo."

In brief and under tones the two worthy associates concerted their enterprise, and agreed at which of his haunts Hatteraick should be heard of. The stay of his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as there were no king's vessels there at the time.

CHAPTER XIV.

You are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bids you.—Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians.

Othello.

When Glossin returned home, he found, among other letters and papers sent to him, one of considerable importance. It was signed by Mr Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and, addressing him as the agent for Godfrey Bertram, Esq. late of Ellangowan, and his representatives, acquainted him with the sudden death of Mrs Margaret Bertram of Singleside, requesting him to inform his clients thereof, in case they should judge it proper to have any person present for their interest at opening the repositories of the deceased. Mr Glossin perceived at once that the let-

ter-writer was unacquainted with the breach which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady should by rights, as he well knew, descend to Lucy Bertram; but it was a thousand to one that the caprice of the old lady might have altered its destination. After running over contingencies and probabilities in his fertile mind, to ascertain what sort of personal advantage might accrue to him from this incident, he could not perceive any mode of availing himself of it, except in so far as it might go to assist his plan of recovering, or rather creating, a character, the want of which he had already experienced, and was likely to feel yet more deeply. "I must place myself," he thought, "on strong ground, that, if anything goes wrong with Dirk Hatteraick's project, I may have prepossessions in my favour at least."—Besides, to do Glossin justice, bad as he was, he might feel some desire to compensate to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which his

own interest did not interfere with hers, the infinite mischief which he had occasioned to her family. He therefore resolved early the next morning to ride over to Woodbourne.

It was not without hesitation that he took this step, having the natural reluctance to face Colonel Mannering, which fraud and villainy have to encounter honour and probity. But he had great confidence in his own *sçavoir faire*. His talents were naturally acute, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resided a good deal in England, and his address was free both from country rusticity and professional pedantry; so that he had considerable powers both of address and persuasion, joined to an unshaken effrontery, which he affected to disguise under plainness of manner. Confident, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodbourne, about ten in the morning, and was admitted as

a gentleman come to wait upon Miss Bertram.

He did not announce himself until he was at the door of the breakfast parlour, when the servant, by his desire, said aloud, "Mr Glossin, to wait upon Miss Bertram." —Lucy, remembering the last scene of her father's existence, turned as pale as death, and had well nigh fallen from her chair. Julia Mannering flew to her assistance, and they left the room together. There remained Colonel Mannering, Charles Hazlewood, with his arm in a sling, and the Dominie, whose gaunt visage and wall-eyes assumed a most hostile aspect upon recognizing Glossin.

That honest gentleman, though somewhat abashed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and hoped he did not intrude upon the ladies. Colonel Mannering, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what he was to impute the honour

of a visit from Mr Glossin.—"Hem! hem! I took the liberty to wait upon Miss Bertram, Colonel Mannering, on account of a matter of business."

"If it can be communicated to Mr MacMorlan, her agent, I believe it will be more agreeable to Miss Bertram."

"I beg pardon, Colonel Mannering;—you are a man of the world—there are some cases in which it is most prudent for all parties to treat with principals."

"Then, if Mr Glossin will take the trouble to state his object in a letter, I will answer that Miss Bertram pays proper attention to it."

"Certainly—but there are cases in which a *viva voce* conference—I perceive—I know Colonel Mannering has adopted some prejudices which may make my visit appear intrusive; but I submit to his good sense, whether he ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much conse-

quence it may be to the young lady whom he honours with his protection."

"Certainly, sir, I have not the least intention to do so. I will learn Miss Bertram's pleasure upon the subject, and acquaint Mr Glossin, if he can spare time to wait for her answer." So saying, he left the room.

Glossin had still remained standing in the midst of the apartment. Colonel Mannering had made not the slightest motion to invite him to sit, and indeed had remained standing himself during their short interview. When he left the room, however, Glossin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and effrontery. He felt the silence of his companions disconcerting and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

"A fine day, Mr Sampson."

The Dominie answered with something between an acquiescent grunt and an indignant groan.

"You never come down to see your old acquaintances on the Ellangowan property, Mr Sampson—You would find most of the old stagers still stationary there. I have too much respect for the late family to disturb old residenters, even under pretence of improvement. Besides it's not my way—I don't like it. I believe, Mr Sampson, Scripture particularly condemns those who oppress the poor, and remove land-marks."

"Or who devour the substance of orphans," subjoined the Dominie. "Anathema, Maranatha!" So saying, he rose, shouldered the folio which he had been perusing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the strides of a grenadier.

Mr Glossin, no way disconcerted, or at least feeling it necessary not to appear so, turned to young Hazlewood, who was apparently busy with the newspaper. "Any news, sir?"—Hazlewood raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper towards him, as if to a stranger in a coffee-

house, then rose, and was about to leave the room. "I beg pardon, Mr Hazlewood—but I can't help wishing you joy of getting so easily over that infernal accident."—This was answered by a sort of inclination of the head as slight and stiff as could well be imagined. Yet it encouraged our man of law to proceed. "I can promise you, Mr Hazlewood, few people have taken the interest in that matter which I have done, both for the sake of the country, and on account of my particular respect for your family, which has so high a stake in it—indeed, so very high a stake, that as Mr Featherhead is turning old now, and as there's a talk since his last stroke, of his taking the Chiltern Hundreds, it might be worth your while to look about you. I speak as a friend, Mr Hazlewood, and as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it together"——

"I beg pardon, sir, but I have no views in which your assistance could be useful."

"O very well—perhaps you are right—

it's quite time enough, and I love to see a young gentleman cautious. But I was talking of your wound—I think I have got a clue to that business—I think I have—and if I do not bring the fellow to condign punishment!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, once more—but your zeal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental—certainly it was not premeditated. Against ingratitude and premeditated treachery, should you find any one guilty of them, my resentment will be as warm as your own."

Another rebuff, thought Glossin; I must try him upon the other tack.—"Right, sir; very nobly said! I would have no more mercy on an ungrateful man than I would on a woodcock—And now we talk of sport, (this was a sort of diverting of the conversation which Glossin had learned from his former patron) I see you often carry a gun, and I hope you will be soon able to take the field again. I ob-

serve you confine yourself always to your own side of the Hazleshaws-burn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your game to the Ellangowan bank: I believe it is rather the best exposure of the two for woodcocks, although both are capital."

As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was presently afterwards somewhat relieved by the entrance of Colonel Mannering.

"I have detained you some time, I fear, sir," said he, addressing Glossin; "I wished to prevail upon Miss Bertram to see you, as, in my opinion, her objections ought to give way to the necessity of hearing in her own person what may be of importance that she should know. But I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, have rendered her so utterly repugnant to a personal interview with Mr Glossin, that it would be cruelty to insist upon it: and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or pro-

posal, or, in short, whatever he may wish to say to her."

"Hem, hem! I am sorry, sir—I am very sorry, Colonel Mannering, that Miss Bertram should suppose—that any prejudice, in short—or idea that any thing on my part"——

"Sir, where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me, as Miss Bertram's temporary guardian, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?"

"None, Colonel Mannering; she could not chuse a more respectable friend, or one with whom I, in particular, would more anxiously wish to communicate frankly."

"Have the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please."

"Why, sir, it is not so easy all at once—but Mr Hazlewood need not leave the room,—I mean so well to Miss Bertram, that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the conference."

"My friend Mr Charles Hazlewood will not probably be anxious, Mr Glossin, to listen to what cannot concern him—and now when he has left us alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am a soldier, sir, somewhat impatient of forms and introductions." So saying, he drew himself up in his chair, and waited for Mr Glossin's communication.

"Be pleased to look at that letter."

The Colonel read it, and returned it, after pencilling the name of the writer in his memorandum-book. "This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion—I will see that Miss Bertram's interest is attended to."

"But, sir,—but, Colonel Mannering, there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady—this Mrs Margaret Bertram, to my certain knowledge, made a general settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram's favours while she lived with my old friend, Mr Bertram, at Ellangowan. The Dominie—that was

the name by which my deceased friend always called that very respectable man Mr Sampson—he and I witnessed the deed. And she had full power at that time to make such a settlement, for she was in fee of the estate of Singleside even then, although it was life-rented by an elder sister. It was a whimsical settlement of old Singleside's, sir; he pitted the two cats his daughters against each other, ha, ha!"

"Well, sir,—but to the purpose. You say that this lady had power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?"

"Even so, Colonel.—I think I should understand the law—I have followed it for many years, and though I have given it up to retire upon a handsome competence, I did not throw away that knowledge which is better than house and land, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,

'Tis most excellent
To win the land that's gone and spent.

No, no, I love the smack of the whip—I have a little, a very little law yet, at the service of my friends."

Glossin ran on in this manner, thinking he had made a favourable impression on Mannering. The Colonel indeed reflected that this might be a most important crisis for Miss Bertram's interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at window, or at door, should not interfere with it. He put a strong curb on his temper, and resolved to listen with patience at least, if without complacence. He therefore let Mr Glossin get to the end of his self-congratulations, and then asked him if he knew where the deed was?

"I know—that is, I think—I believe I can recover it. In such cases custodiers have sometimes made a charge."

"We won't differ as to that, sir," said the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book.

"But, my dear sir, you take me so very short—I said *some persons might* make such a claim—I mean for payment of the expences of the deed, trouble in the affair, &c. But I, for my own part, only wish Miss Bertram and her friends to be satisfied that I am acting towards her with honour. There's the paper, sir! It would have been a satisfaction to me to have delivered it into Miss Bertram's own hands, and to have wished her joy of the prospects which it opens. But since her prejudices on the subject are invincible, it only remains for me to transmit her my best wishes through you, Colonel Mannering, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony in support of that deed when I shall be called upon. I have the honour to wish you a good morning, sir."

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much the tone of conscious in-

tegrity unjustly suspected, that even Colonel Mannering was staggered in his bad opinion. He followed him two or three steps, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold and formal) than he had paid during his visit. Glossin left the house, half pleased with the impression he had made, half mortified by the stern caution and proud reluctance with which he had been received. "Colonel Mannering might have had more politeness," he said to himself—"it is not every man that can bring a good chance of 400*l.* a-year to a pennyless girl. Singleside must be up to 400*l.* a-year now—there's Reilageganbeg, Gillifidget, Loverless, Liealone, and the Spinster's Knowe—good 400*l.* a-year. Some people might have made their own of it in my place—and yet, to own the truth, after much consideration, I don't see how that is possible."

Glossin was no sooner mounted and gone, than the Colonel dispatched a groom

for Mr Mac-Morlan, and, putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if it was likely to be available to his friend Lucy Bertram. Mac-Morlan perused it with eyes that sparkled with delight, snapped his fingers repeatedly, and at length exclaimed, "Available!—it's as tight as a glove—naebody could make better wark than Glossin, when he did na let down a steek on purpose—but (his countenance falling) the auld b——, that I should say so, might alter at pleasure."

"How shall we know that?"

"Somebody must attend on Miss Bertram's part, when the repositories of the deceased are opened."

"Can you go?"

"I fear not—I must attend a jury trial before our court."

"Then I will go myself—I'll set out to-morrow. Sampson shall go with me—he is witness to this settlement. But I shall want a legal adviser?"

"The gentleman that was lately sheriff of this county is high in reputation; I will give you a card of introduction to him."

"What I like about you, Mr Mac-Morlan," said the Colonel, "is, that you always come straight to the point. Let me have it instantly—shall we tell Miss Lucy her chance of becoming an heiress?"

"Surely, because you must have some powers from her which I will instantly draw out. Besides, I will be caution for her prudence, and that she will consider it only in the light of a chance."

Mac-Morlan judged well. It could not be discerned from Miss Bertram's manner, that she founded exulting expectations upon the prospect thus unexpectedly opening before her. She did indeed, in the course of the evening, ask Mr Mac-Morlan, as if by accident, what might be the annual income of the Hazlewood property; but shall we therefore aver for certain that she was considering whe-

ther an heiress of four hundred a-year might be a suitable match for the young Laird?

CHAPTER XV.

Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red—For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Henry IV. Part I.

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They travelled in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstraction, did not chuse to give him out of his own sight, far less to trust him upon horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little address have contrived to mount him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who attended on horseback, he contrived to bring Mr Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh—for hotels

in these days there were none,—without any other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. Upon one occasion he was recovered by Barnes, who understood his humour, when, after engaging in close colloquy with the schoolmaster of Moffat, respecting a disputed quantity in Horace's 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led on to another controversy, concerning the exact meaning of the word *Malobathro*, in that lyric effusion. His other escapade was made for the purpose of visiting the field of Rullion-green, which was dear to his presbyterian predilections. Having got out of the carriage for an instant, he saw the sepulchral monument of the slain at the distance of about a mile, and was arrested by Barnes in his progress up the Pentland-hills, having on both occasions forgot his friend, patron, and fellow-traveller, as completely, as if he had been in the East Indies. On being reminded that Colonel Mannering was waiting for

him, he uttered his usual ejaculation of "Prodigious!—I was oblivious," and then strode back to his post. Barnes was surprised at his master's patience on both occasions, knowing by experience how little he brooked neglect or delay; but the Dominie was in every respect a privileged person. His patron and he were never for a moment in each other's way, and it seemed obvious that they were formed to be companions through life. If Mannering wanted a particular book, the Dominie could bring it; if he wished to have accounts summed up, or checked, his assistance was equally ready; if he desired to recall a particular passage in the classics, he could have recourse to the Dominie as to a dictionary; and all the while this walking statue was neither presuming when noticed, nor sulky when left to himself. To a proud, shy, reserved man, and such in many respects was Mannering, this sort of living catalogue, and animated automa-

ton, had all the advantages of a literary dumb-waiter.

So soon as they arrived in Edinburgh, and were established at the George inn near Bristo-port, (I love to be particular) the Colonel desired the waiter to procure him a guide to Mr Pleydell's, the advocate, for whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr Mac-Morlan. He then commanded Barnes to have an eye to the Dominie, and walked forth with a chairman, who was to usher him to the man of law.

The period was near the end of the American war. The desire of room, of air, and of decent accommodation, had not as yet made very much progress in the capital of Scotland. Some efforts had been made upon the south side of the town towards building houses *within themselves*, as they are emphatically termed; and the New Town on the north, since so much extended, was then just commenced. But the great bulk of the better classes, and

particularly those connected with the law, still lived in flats or dungeons of the Old Town. The manners also of some of the veterans of the law had not admitted innovation. One or two eminent lawyers still saw their clients in taverns, as was the general custom fifty years before; and although their habits were already considered as old-fashioned by the younger barristers, yet the custom of mixing wine and revelry with serious business, was still maintained by those senior counsellors who loved the old road, either because it was such, or because they had got too well used to it to travel any other. Among these praisers of the past time, who with ostentatious obstinacy affected the manners of a former generation, was this same Paulus Pleydell, Esq. otherwise a good scholar, an excellent lawyer, and a worthy man.

Under the guidance of his trusty attendant, Colonel Mannering, after threading a dark lane or two, reached the High-

street, then clanging with the voices of oyster-women and the bells of pyemen, for it had, as his guide assured him, just "chappit eight upon the Tron." It was long since Mannering had been in the street of a crowded metropolis, which, with its noise and clamour, its sounds of trade, of revelry, and of license, its variety of lights, and the eternally changing bustle of its hundred groupes, offers, by night especially, a spectacle, which, though composed of the most vulgar materials when they are separately considered, has, when they are combined, a striking and powerful effect upon the imagination. The extraordinary height of the houses was marked by lights, which, glimmering irregularly along their front, ascended so high among the attics, that they seemed at length to twinkle in the middle sky. This coup d'œuil, which still subsists in a certain degree, was then more striking, owing to the uninterrupted range of buildings on each side, which, broken only at the space where the

North Bridge joins the main street, formed a superb and uniform Place, extending from the front of the Luckenbooths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the building on either side.

Mannering had not much time to look and to admire. His conductor hurried him across this striking scene, and suddenly dived with him into a very steep paved lane. Turning to the right, they entered a scale stair-case, as it is called, the state of which, so far as it could be judged of by one of his senses, annoyed Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they heard a heavy rap at a door, still two stories above them. The door opened, and immediately ensued the sharp and worrying bark of a dog, the squalling of a woman, the screams of an assaulted cat, and the hoarse voice of a man, who cried in a most imperative tone, "Will ye, Mustard! Will ye! down, sir, down!"

"Lord preserve us!" said the female voice, "an he had worried our cat, Mr Pleydell would ne'er hae forgien me!"

"Aweel, my doo, the cat's no a prin the waur—so he's no in, ye say?"

"Na, Mr Pleydell's ne'er in the house on Saturday."

"And the morn's Sabbath too," said the querist; "I dinna ken what will be done."

By this time Mannering appeared, and found a tall strong countryman, clad in a coat of pepper-and-salt-coloured mixture, with huge metal buttons, a glazed hat and boots, and a large horse-whip beneath his arm, in colloquy with a slip-shod damsel, who had in one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pail of whiting, or *cam-stane*, as it is called, mixed with water—a circumstance which indicates Saturday night in Edinburgh.

"So Mr Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?" said Mannering.

"Aye, sir, he's at hame, but he's no in the house: he's aye out on Saturday at e'en."

"But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business express. Will you tell me where I can find him?"

"His honour," said the chairman, "will be at Clerihugh's about this time—Hersell could hae tell'd ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house."

"Well, then, shew me to this tavern—I suppose he will see me, as I come on business of some consequence?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said the girl, "he does nae like to be disturbed on Saturdays wi' business—but he's aye civil to strangers."

"I'll gang to the tavern too," said our friend Dinmont, "for I am a stranger and on business e'en sic like."

"Na," said the hand-maiden, "an he see the gentleman, he'll see the simple body too—but, Lord's sake, dinna say it was me sent ye there."

"Atweel, I am a simple body that's true, hinny, but I am no come to steal ony o' his skill for naething," said the farmer in his

honest pride, and strutted away down stairs, followed by Mannering and the cadie. Mannering could not help admiring the determined stride with which the stranger who preceded them divided the press, shouldering from him, by the mere weight and impetus of his motion, both drunk and sober passengers. "He'll be a Teviotdale tup tat ane," said the chairman, "tat's for keeping ta crown o' ta causeway tat gate —he'll no gang far or he'll get somebody to bell ta cat wi' him."——

His shrewd augury, however, was not fulfilled. Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Dinmont, upon looking up at his size and strength, apparently judged him too heavy metal to be rashly encountered, and suffered him to pursue his course unchallenged. Following in the wake of this first-rate, Mannering proceeded till the farmer made a pause, and, looking back to the chairman, said, "I'm thinking this will be the close, friend?"

"Aye, aye," replied Donald, "tat's ta close."

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley—then up a dark stair—and then into an open door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie-dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good society, should chuse such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the day-time, at second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way

from the lane through the window opposite. At present the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of Pandæmonium, where men and women, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her hair straggling like that of Mægera from under a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the mistress enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

Loud and repeated bursts of laughter from different quarters of the house proved that her labours were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dinmont the room where their friend, learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carousals. The scene which it exhibited,

and particalarly the attitude of the counsellor himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with astonishment.

Mr Pleydell was a lively sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manners. But this, like his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a Saturday evening when surrounded by a party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. Upon the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four o'clock, and, at length, under the direction of a venerable compotator, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High Jinks.* This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character

or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely set when Mannering entered the room.

Mr Counsellor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in an elbow-chair placed on the dining-table, his scratch-wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine, while his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps of verse as these:

Where is Gerunto now? and what's become of him?
Gerunto's dead because he could not swim, &c. &c.

Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports of thy Scottish children! Dinmont

was first in the room. He stood aghast a moment—and then exclaimed, "It's him, sure eneugh—Deil o' the like o' that ever I saw!"

At the sound of "Mr Dinmont and Colonel Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir," Pleydell turned his head, and blushed a little when he saw the very genteel figure of the English stranger. He was, however, of the opinion of Falstaff, "Out, ye villains, play out the play!" wisely judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned. "Where be our guards?" exclaimed this second Justinian; "see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts arrived at this our court of Holy-rood,—with our bold yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of justice, they feed as safe as if they were within the bounds of Fife? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our March

mount, our Carrick, and our Snowdown?—Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regaled as beseemeth their quality, and this our high holiday—to-morrow we will hear their tidings."

"So please you, my liege, to-morrow's Sunday," said one of the company.

"Sunday, is it? then will we give no offence to the assembly of the kirk—on Monday shall be their audience."

Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac-Morlan for sending him to consult with a crack-brained humourist. He therefore advanced with three profound congees, and craved permission to lay his credentials at the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humour of the moment, and the deep and humble inclination with which he at

first declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master of the ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

"Deil hae me, if they are na a' mad thegither!" said Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bottom of the table, "or else they hae ta'en Yule before it comes, and are gaun a guisarding."

A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning monarch. "You are, I presume to guess," said the monarch, "that celebrated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gascony lose their flavour in our more northern realm?"

Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by professing himself only a distant relation of the prieux chevalier, and added, "that in his opinion the wine was superlatively good."

"It's ower cauld for my stamach," said Dinmont, setting down the glass, (empty however.)

"We will correct that quality," answered King Paulus, the first of the name; "we have not forgotten that the moist and humid air of our valley of Liddle inclines to stronger potations.—Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy; it will be more germain to the matter."

"And now," said Mannering, "since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on those affairs of weight, which have brought him to your northern capital."

The monarch opened Mac-Morlan's letter, and, running it hastily over, exclaimed, with his natural voice and manner, "Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie!"

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" exclaimed a do-

zen voices, "his majesty has forgot his kingly character."

"Not a whit! not a whit!" replied the king. "I'll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, an adjudged case in point?"

"Professional! professional!—another forfeit," exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.

"Had not our royal predecessors," continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamours, —"Had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden whom we delight to honour? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne."

So saying, he flung away his crown,

sprung from his exalted station with more agility than could have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand bason and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering's great surprise, looked perfectly a different man from the childish Bacchanal he had seen a moment before. "There are folks," he said, "Mr Mannering, before whom one should take care how they play the fool—because they have either too much malice, or too little wit, as the poet says. The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to shew I am not ashamed to expose myself before him—and truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night upon your good-nature. But what's that great strong fellow wanting?"

Dinmont, who had pushed after Man-

nering into the room, began with a scrape with his foot and a scratch of his head in unison. "I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, of the Charlies-hope—the Liddesdale lad—ye'll mind me?—it was for me ye won yon grand plea."

"What plea, you loggerhead? d'ye think I can remember all the fools that come to plague me?"

"Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing o' the Langtae-head!"

"Well, curse thee, never mind; give me the memorial, and come to me on Monday at ten."

"But, sir, I hae na got ony distinct memorial."

"No memorial, man?"

"Na, sir, nae memorial! for your honour said before, Mr Pleydell, ye'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill-folk tell our ain tale by word o' mouth."

"Beshrew my tongue, that said so! it will cost my ears a dinning. Well, say in

two words what you've got to say—you see the gentleman waits."

"Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes, he may play his ain spring first; it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Now, you looby, cannot you conceive that your business can be nothing to him, but that he may not chuse to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matters?"

"Aweel, sir, just as you and he like—so ye see to my business. We're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cutlugged stane, that they ca' Charlies Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears;

but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds doun by the auld drove-road that gaes awa' by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldar-ward—and that makes an unco difference."

"And what difference does it make, friend? How many sheep will it feed?"

"Ou, no mony—it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year."

"And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?"

"Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass—it's for justice."

"My good friend, justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—"It's no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him—he

threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies-hope, and wad na like to see the land lose its right."

"Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour, why don't your landlords take it up?"

"I dinna ken, sir, (scratching his head,) there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me canna get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say. But if ye thought we might keep up the rent"——

"No! no! that will never do—confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?"

"Odd, sir, we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land, and ance at Lockerby fair.—But I dinna ken—we're baith gay good at single-stick, and it could na weel be judged."

"Then take broad-swords, and be d—d to you, as your fathers did before you."

"Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Hold! hold! we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake—Pr'ythee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a law-suit you wish to engage in."

"Aye, sir? So ye wunna take on wi' me, I'm doubting?"

"Me! not I—go home, go home, take a pint and agree." Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. "Any thing more, my friend?"

"Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that's dead, auld Miss Margaret Bertram o' Singleside."

"Aye, what about her?" said the counsellor, rather surprised.

"Ou, we have nae connexion at a' wi' the Bertrams—they were grand folk by the like o' us—but Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside's housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young leddies that are gane—the last o' them's dead at a ripe age, I trow—Jean Liltup came out o' Liddle

water, and she was as near our connexion as second cousin to my mother's half-sister—She drew up wi' Singleside, nae doubt, when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk—and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?"

"Not the shadow."

"Aweel, we're nae puirer—but she may hae thought on us if she was minded to make a testament.—Weel, sir, I've said my say—I'se e'en wish you good night, and"——putting his hand in his pocket.

"No, no, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday nights, or without a memorial—away with you, Dandie." And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

CHAPTER XVI.

But this poor farce has neither truth nor art;
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle, moves the cumbrous scene,
Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

Parish Register.

"Your majesty," said Mannering, laughing, "has solemnized your abdication by an act of mercy and charity—That fellow will scarce think of going to law."

"O, you are quite wrong—The only difference is, I have lost my client and my fee. He'll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has predetermined.—No! no! I have only shewn you another weakness of my

character—I always speak truth of a Saturday night."

"And sometimes through the week I should think," said Mannering, continuing the same tone.

"Why, yes! as far as my vocation will permit. I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, when my clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of conveying their double-distilled lies to the bench. But *oportet vivere!* it is a sad thing.—And now to our business. I am glad my old friend Mac-Morlan has sent you to me; he is an active, honest, and intelligent man, long sheriff-substitute of the county of —— under me, and still holds the office. He knows I have a regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan, and for poor Lucy. I have not seen her since she was twelve years old, and she was then a sweet pretty girl under the management of a very silly father. But my interest in her is of an early date. I was called upon, Mr Mannering, being

then sheriff of that county, to investigate the particulars of a murder which had been committed near Ellangowan the day on which this poor child was born; and which, by a strange combination which I was unhappily not able to trace, involved the death or abstraction of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. No, Colonel, I shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that morning!—the father half-distracted—the mother dead in premature travail—the helpless infant, with scarce any one to attend it, coming wawling and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery! We lawyers are not of iron, sir, or of brass, any more than you soldiers are of steel. We are conversant with the crimes and distresses of civil society, as you are with those that occur in a state of war, and to do our duty in either case a little apathy is perhaps necessary—But the devil take a soldier whose heart can be as hard as his sword, and his dam take the

lawyer who bronzes his bosom instead of his forehead!—But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en. Will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business? And, stay, to-morrow you'll take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer; I insist upon it; at three precisely; and come half an hour sooner. The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we'll borrow an hour from the Sunday to talk over this business; although I fear nothing can be done if she has altered her settlement, unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then if Miss Bertram can shew that she possesses the character of heir-at-law, why——

"But, hark! my lieges are impatient of their *interregnum*,—I do not invite you to rejoin us, Colonel; it would be a trespass on your complaisance, unless you had begun the day with us, and gradually glided on from wisdom to mirth, and from mirth to—to—to—extravagance.—Good night—

Harry, go home with Mr Mannering to his lodging. Colonel, I expect you at a little past two to-morrow."

The Colonel returned home, equally surprised at the childish frolics in which he had found his learned counsellor engaged, at the candour and sound sense which he had in a moment summoned up to meet the exigencies of his profession, and at the tone of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of the friendless orphan.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson, were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out, after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely-dressed bob-wig, upon every hair of which a zealous and careful barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckle; a manner rather reserved and formal than intrusive,

but with all that, shewing only the formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a countenance, the expressive and somewhat comic features of which were in complete repose,—all shewed a being perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye was the only marked expression which recalled the man of "Saturday at e'en."

"I am come," said he with a very polite address, "to use my regal authority in your behalf in spirituals as well as temporals.—Can I accompany you to the presbyterian kirk, or episcopal meeting-house? —*Tros Tyriusve*, a lawyer, you know, is of both religions, or rather, I should say, of both forms. Or can I assist in passing the forenoon otherwise? You'll excuse my old-fashioned importunity. I was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he slept; but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude."

"Not at all, my dear sir; I am delighted to put myself under your pilotage. I should wish much to hear some of your Scottish preachers whose talents have done such honour to your country—your Blair, your Robertson, or your Henry; and I embrace your kind offer with all my heart—Only," drawing the lawyer a little aside, and turning his eye towards Sampson, "my worthy friend there in the reverie is a little helpless and abstracted, and Barnes, who is his pilot in ordinary, cannot well assist him here, especially as he has expressed his determination of going to some of your darker and more remote places of worship."

The lawyer's eye glanced at him. "A curiosity worth preserving; and I'll find you a fit custodier.—Here you, sir, (to the waiter,) go to Luckie Finlayson's in the Cowgate for Miles Macfin the cadie; he'll be there about this time, and tell him I wish to speak to him."

The person wanted soon arrived. "I

will commit your friend to this man's charge," said Pleydell; "he'll attend him, or conduct him, wherever he chuses to go, with a happy indifference as to kirk or market, meeting or court of justice, or—any other place whatever—and bring him safe home at whatever hour you appoint; so that Mr Barnes there may be left to the freedom of his own will."

This was easily arranged, and the Colonel committed the Dominie to the charge of this man while they should remain in Edinburgh.

"And now, sir, if you please, we shall go to the Greyfriars church to hear our historian of Scotland, of the Continent, and of America."

They were disappointed—he did not preach that morning.—"Never mind," said the counsellor, "have a moment's patience, and we shall do very well."

The colleague of Dr R—— ascended the pulpit. His external appearance was

not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion was strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest and a stooping posture, hands which, placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher,—no gown, not even that of Geneva, a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger. "The preacher seems a very ungainly person," whispered Mannering to his new friend.

"Never fear, he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer—he'll shew blood, I'll warrant him."

The learned counsellor predicted truly. A lecture fraught with new, striking, and entertaining views of scripture history—a sermon in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical mo-

rals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith or of peculiarity of opinion, nor leave him loose to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor, but it only served to give zest and peculiarity to the style of elocution. The sermon was not read—a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument, brought into the service of Christianity.

"Such," he said, going out of the church, "must have been the preachers, to whose unfearing minds, and acute, though some-

times rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation."

"And yet that reverend gentleman," said Pleydell, "whom I love for his father's sake and his own, has nothing of the souring or pharasaical pride which has been imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head different parties in the kirk, about particular points of church discipline; but without for a moment losing personal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malignity to interfere in an opposition, steady, constant, and apparently conscientious on both sides."

"And you, Mr Pleydell, what do you think of their points of difference?"

"Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all—besides, *entre nous*, I am a member of the suffering and episcopal church of Scotland—the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so—but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before

me, without thinking worse of the presbyterian forms, because they do not affect me with the same associations." And with this remark they parted until dinner-time.

From the awkward access to the lawyer's mansion, Mannering was induced to form very moderate expectations of the entertainment which he was to receive. The approach looked even more dismal by day-light than on the preceding evening. The houses on each side of the lane were so close, that the neighbours might have shaken hands with each other from the different sides, and occasionally the space between was traversed by wooden galleries, and thus entirely closed up. The stair, the scale-stair, was not well cleaned; and upon entering the house, Mannering was struck with the narrowness and meanness of the wainscotted passage. But the library, into which he was shewn by an elderly respectable-looking man-servant, was a complete contrast to these unpromising appearances. It was a well-propor-

tioned room, hung with a portrait or two of Scottish characters of eminence, by Jamieson, the Caledonian Vandyke, and surrounded with books, the best editions of the best authors. "These," said Pleydell, "are my tools of trade; a lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may call himself an architect." But Mannering was chiefly delighted with the view from the windows, which commanded that incomparable prospect of the ground between Edinburgh and the sea; the Frith of Forth, with its islands; the embayment which is terminated by the Law of North Berwick; and the varied shores of Fife to the northward, indenting with a hilly outline the clear blue horizon.

When Mr Pleydell had sufficiently enjoyed the surprise of his guest, he called his attention to Miss Bertram's affairs. "I was in hopes," he said, "though but faint, to have discovered some means of ascer-

taining her indefeasible right to this property of Singleside; but my researches have been in vain. The old lady was certainly absolute fiar, and might dispose of it in full right of property. All that we have to hope is, that the devil may not have tempted her to alter this very proper settlement. You must attend the old girl's funeral to-morrow, to which you will receive an invitation, for I have acquainted her agent with your being here on Miss Bertram's part, and I will meet you afterwards at the house she inhabited, and be present to see fair play at the opening of the settlement. The old cat had a little girl, the orphan of some relation, who lived with her as a kind of slavish companion. I hope she has had the conscience to make her independent, in consideration of the *peine forte et dure* to which she subjected her during her lifetime."

Three gentlemen now appeared, and were introduced to the stranger. They

were men of good sense, gaiety, and general information, so that the day passed very pleasantly over; and Colonel Mannering assisted, about eight o'clock at night, in discussing the landlord's bottle, which was, of course, a *magnum*. Upon his return to the inn, he found a card, inviting him to the funeral of Miss Margaret Bertram, late of Singleside, which was to proceed from her own house to the place of interment in the Greyfr[illegible] church-yard, at one o'clock afternoon.

At the appointed hour Mannering went to a small house in the suburbs, to the southward of the city, where he found the place of mourning, indicated, as usual in Scotland, by two rueful figures with long black cloaks, white crapes and hatbands, holding in their hands poles, adorned with melancholy streamers of the same description. By two other mutes, who, from their visages, seemed suffering under the pressure of some strange calamity, he was ushered into the dining parlour of the

defunct, where the company were assembled for the funeral.

In Scotland is universally retained the custom, now disused in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment. Upon many occasions this has a singular and striking effect, but upon some it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace, in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live unbeloved and die unlamented. The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the church, would have, in such cases, the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the want, and exalt or rouse the attention; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to per-

vade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs Margaret Bertram was unluckily one of those whose good qualities had attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow.

Mannering, therefore, stood among the lugubrious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the decent solemnity of all who were around him, and looking as much concerned upon Mrs Margaret Bertram's account, as if the deceased lady of Singleside had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to talk aside—under their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person. "Our poor friend," said one grave gentleman, scarcely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his fea-

tures, and sliding his whisper from between his lips, which were as little unclosed as possible,—" Our poor friend has died well to pass in the world."

" Nae doubt," answered the person addressed, with half-closed eyes; " poor Mrs Margaret was aye careful of the gear."

" Any news to-day, Colonel Mannering?" said one of the gentlemen, whom he had dined with the day before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

" Nothing particular, I believe, sir," said Mannering, in the cadence which was, he observed, appropriated to the house of mourning.

" I understand," continued the first speaker, emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed; " I understand there *is* a settlement."——

" And what does little Jenny Gibson get?"

"A hundred, and the auld repeater."

"That's but sma' gear, puir thing; she had a sair time o't with the auld leddy. But it's ill waiting for dead folk's shoon."

"I am afraid," said the politician, who was by Mannering, "we have not done with your old friend Tippoo Saib yet—I doubt he'll give the Company more plague; and I am told, but you'll know for certain, that East India Stock is rising."

"I trust it will, sir, soon."

"Mrs Margaret," said another person, mingling in the conversation, "had some India bonds. I know that, for I drew the interest for her—it would be desirable now for the trustees and legatees to have the Colonel's advice about the time and mode of converting them into money. For my part I think—But there's Mr Mortcloke to tell us they are gaun to lift."—Mr Mortcloke the undertaker did accordingly, with a visage of professional length and most grievous solemnity, distribute

among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this precedence is supposed to be regulated by propinquity to the defunct, the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs Bertram was to be of kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a propinquity of which [illegible]h relative present at that moment was [illegible]ticularly jealous. Some murmurs there were upon the occasion, and our friend Dinmont gave more open offence, being unable either to repress his discontent, or to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. "I think ye might hae at least gien me a leg o' her to carry," he exclaimed, in a voice considerably louder than propriety admitted; "God! an it had nae been for the rigs o' land, I would hae got her a' to carry mysell, for as mony gentles as are here."—A score of frowning and reproving brows were bent upon the un-

appalled yeoman, who, having given vent to his displeasure, stalked sturdily down stairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censures of those whom his remark had scandalized.

And then the funeral pomp set forth; saulies with their batons, and gumphions of tarnished white crape, in honour of the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, creeped in slow state towards the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weepers and cravat made of white paper, attended upon every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company. Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues, and discussed with unrestrained earnestness the amount of the succession, and the probability of its destination. The principal expectants, how-

ever, kept a prudent silence, indeed ashamed to express hopes which might prove fallacious; and the agent, or man of business, who alone knew exactly how matters stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, as if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and suspense.

At length they arrived at the church-yard gates, and from thence, amid the gaping of some dozen of idle women with infants in their arms, and accompanied by some twenty children who ran gambolling and screaming alongside of the sable procession, they finally arrived at the burial place of the Singleside family. This was a square enclosure, guarded on one side by a veteran angel, without a nose, and having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub, who had stood centinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk among the hemlock, burdock and nettles, which grew

in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum. A moss-grown and broken inscription informed the reader, that in the year 1650 Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, descended of the very ancient and honourable house of Ellangowan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. A reasonable number of scythes and hour-glasses, and death's heads, and cross bones, garnished the following sprig of sepulchral poetry, to the memory of the founder of the mausoleum:

> Nathaniel's heart, Bezaleel's hand,
> If ever any had,
> These boldly do I say had he,
> Who lieth in this bed.

Here then, amid the deep black fat loam into which her ancestors were now resolved, they deposited the body of Mrs Margaret Bertram; and, like soldiers returning from a military funeral, the near-

est relations who might be interested in the settlements of the lady, urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coaches to all the speed of which they were capable, in order to put an end to farther suspense on that interesting topic.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Die and endow a college or a cat."

POPE.

There is a fable told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth into very indecent and active emulation, by a wag who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage. In like manner, the approaching crisis stirred up among the expectants feelings of a nature very different from those, of which, under the superintendance of Mr Mortcloke, they had lately been endeavouring to imitate

the expression. Those eyes which were lately devoutly cast up to Heaven, or with greater humility bent solemnly upon earth, were now sharply and alertly darting their glances through shuttles, and trunks, and drawers, and cabinets, and all the odd corners of an old maiden lady's repositories. Nor was their search without interest, though they did not find the will of which they were in quest.

Here was a promissory note for 20l. by the minister of the non-juring chapel, interest marked as paid to Martinmas last, carefully folded up in a new set of words to the old tune of "over the Water to Charlie;"—there was a curious love correspondeuce between the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Kean of a marching regiment of foot; and tied up with the letters was a document, which at once explained to the relatives why a connection that boded them little good had been suddenly broken off, being the Lieutenant's bond for two hundred pounds, upon which

no interest whatever appeared to have been paid. Other bills and bonds to a larger amount, and signed by better names (I mean commercially) than those of the worthy divine and gallant soldier, also occurred in the course of their researches, besides a hoard of coins of every size and denomination, and scraps of broken gold and silver, old ear-rings, hinges of cracked snuff-boxes, mountings of spectacles, &c. &c. &c. Still no will made its appearance, and Colonel Mannering began full well to hope that the settlement which he had obtained from Glossin contained the ultimate arrangement of the old lady's affairs. But his friend Pleydell, who now came into the room, cautioned him against entertaining this belief. "I know the gentleman," he said, "who is conducting the search, and I guess from his manner that he knows something more of the matter than any of us."

Meantime, while the search proceeds, let us take a brief glance at one or two of

the company who seem most interested. Of Dinmont, who, with his large hunting-whip under his arm, stood poking his large round face over the shoulder of the *homme d'affaires*, it is unnecessary to say any thing. That thin-looking oldish man, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of mourning, is Mac-Casquil, formerly of Drumquag, who was ruined by having a legacy bequeathed to him of two shares in the Ayr bank. His hopes upon the present occasion are founded on a very distant relationship, upon his sitting in the same pew with the deceased every Sunday, and upon his playing at cribbage with her regularly on the Saturday evenings—taking great care never to come off a winner. That other coarse-looking man, wearing his own greasy hair tied in a leathern cue more greasy still, is a tobacconist, a relation of Mrs Bertram's mother, who, having a good stock in trade when the colonial war broke out, trebled the price of his commodity to all the world, Mrs Bertram

alone excepted, whose tortoise-shell snuff-box was weekly filled with the best rappee at the old prices, because the maid brought it to the shop with Mrs Bertram's respects to *her cousin* Mr Quid. That young fellow who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buckskins, might have stood as forward as most of them in the graces of the old lady, who loved to look upon a comely young man. But it is thought he has forfeited the moment of fortune by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited; sometimes appearing there, when he had been dining with blither company; twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Mannering, the most interesting of the group was the poor girl, who had been a sort of humble companion of the deceased, as a subject upon whom she could at all times expectorate her bad humour. She was for form's sake dragged

into the room by the deceased's favourite female attendant, where, shrinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers amongst those recesses, to which from childhood she had looked with awful veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavourable eye by all the competitors, honest Dinmont only excepted; the rest conceived they should find in her a formidable competitor, whose claims might at least encumber and diminish their chance of succession. Yet she was the only person present who seemed really to feel sorrow for the deceased. Mrs Bertram had been her protectress, although from selfish motives, and her capricious tyranny was forgotten at the moment while the tears followed each other fast down the cheeks of her frightened and friendless dependant. "There's ower muckle saut water there, Drumquag," (said the tobacconist to the

ex-proprietor) "to bode ither folk muckle gude. Folk seldom greet that gate but they ken what it's for." Mr Mac-Casquil only replied with a nod, feeling the propriety of asserting his gentry in presence of Mr Pleydell and Colonel Mannering.

"Very queer if there suld be nae will after a', friend," said Dinmont, who began to grow impatient, to the man of business.

"A moment's patience, if you please—she was a good and prudent woman, Mrs Margaret Bertram—a good and prudent and well-judging woman, and knew to chuse friends and depositaries—she will have put her last will and testament, or rather her *mortis causa* settlement, as it relates to heritage, into the hands of some safe friend."——

"I'll bet a rump and dozen," said Pleydell, whispering to the Colonel, "he has got it in his own pocket;"—then addressing the man of law, "Come, sir, we'll cut

this short if you please—here is a settlement of the estate of Singleside, executed several years ago, in favour of Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan"——The company stared fearfully wild. "You, I presume, Mr Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed?"

"Please to favour me, Mr Pleydell;"—and so saying, he took the deed out of the learned counsel's hand, and glanced his eye over the contents.

"Too cool," said Pleydell, "too cool by half—he has another deed in his pocket still."

"Why does he not shew it then, and be d——d to him?" said the military gentleman, whose patience began to wax threadbare.

"Why, how should I know?" answered the barrister,—"why does a cat not kill a mouse when she takes him?—the love of power and of teazing, I suppose.—Well, Mr Protocol, what say you to that deed?"

"Why, sir, the deed is a well-drawn

deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute."

"But recalled by another of posterior date in your possession, eh?"

"Something of the sort I confess, Mr Pleydell,"—producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed at each fold and ligation with black wax. "That deed, Mr Pleydell, which you produce and found upon, is dated 1st June, 17—, but this"—breaking the seals and unfolding the document slowly—"is dated the 20th—no, I see it is the 21st, of April of this present year, being ten years posterior."

"Marry, hang her, brock!" said the counsellor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Toby Belch, "just the month in which Ellangowan's distresses became generally public. But let us hear what she has done."

Mr Protocol accordingly, having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hopes

alternately awakened and faded, and who were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator's meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it, might have made a study for Hogarth.

The deed was of an unexpected nature. It set forth with conveying and disponing all and whole the estate and lands of Singleside, and others, with the lands of Loverless, Lyalone, Spinster's Knowe and heaven knows what besides, "to and in favours of (here the reader softened his voice to a gentle and modest piano) Peter Protocol, clerk to the signet, having the fullest confidence in his capacity and integrity, (these are the very words which my worthy deceased friend insisted upon inserting) "But in TRUST always," (here the reader recovered his voice and stile, and the visages of several of the hearers, which had attained a longitude that Mr Mortcloke might have envied, were perceptibly shortened) "in TRUST always, and for the uses, ends, and purposes herein after-mentioned."

In these "uses, ends, and purposes," lay the cream of the affair. The first was introduced by a preamble setting forth, that the testatrix was lineally descended from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grand-father, Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifteenth baron of Ellangowan. It proceeded to state, that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, but that she, the testatrix, *was well assured that he was yet alive in foreign parts, and by the providence of heaven would be restored to the possessions of his ancestors*—in which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obliged, like as he bound and obliged himself, by acceptance of these presents, to denude himself of the said lands of Singleside and others, and of all the other effects thereby conveyed (excepting always a proper gratification for his own trouble)

to and in favour of the said Henry Bertram upon his return to his native country. And during the time of his residing in foreign parts, or in case of his never again returning to Scotland, Mr Peter Protocol, the trustee, was directed to distribute the rents of the land, and interest of the other funds, (deducting always a proper gratification for his trouble in the premises) in equal portions, among four charitable establishments pointed out in the will. The power of management, of letting leases, of raising and lending out money, in short, the full authority of a proprietor, was vested in this confidential trustee, and, in the event of his death, went to certain official persons named in the deed. There were only two legacies; one of a hundred pounds to a favourite waiting-maid, another of the like sum to Janet Gibson (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix) for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

A settlement in mortmain is in Scotland termed a *mortification*, and in one great borough (Aberdeen, if I remember rightly) there is a municipal officer who takes care of these public endowments, and is thence called the Master of Mortifications. One would almost presume, that the term had its origin in the effect which such settlements usually produce upon the kinsmen of those by whom they are executed. Heavy at least was the mortification which befell the audience, who, in the late Mrs Margaret Bertram's parlour, had listened to this unexpected destination of the lands of Singleside. There was a profound silence after the deed had been read over.

Mr Pleydell was the first to speak. He begged to look at the deed, and having satisfied himself that it was correctly drawn and executed, he returned it without any observation, only saying aside to Mannering, "Protocol is not worse than other people, I believe; but this old lady

has determined that, if he do not turn rogue, it shall not be for want of temptation."

"I really think," said Mr Mac-Casquil of Drumquag, who, having gulped down one half of his vexation, determined to give vent to the rest, "I really think this is an extraordinary case! I should like now to know from Mr Protocol, who, being sole and unlimited trustee, must have been consulted upon this occasion; I should like, I say, to know, how Mrs Bertram could possibly believe in the existence of a boy, that a' the world kens was murdered many a year since?"

"Really, sir," said Mr Protocol, "I do not conceive it is possible for me to explain her motives more than she has done herself. Our excellent deceased friend was a good woman, sir—a pious woman—and might have grounds for confidence in the boy's safety which are not accessible to us, sir."

"Hout," said the tobacconist, "I ken

very weel what were her grounds for confidence. There's Mrs Rebecca (the maid) sitting there, has tell'd me a hundred times in my ain shop, there was nae kenning how her leddy wad settle her affairs, for an auld gypsey witch wife at Gilsland had possessed her with a notion, that the callant—Harry Bertram ca's she him?—would come alive again some day after a'—ye'll no deny that, Mrs Rebecca?—though I dare to say ye forgot to put your mistress in mind of what ye promised to say when I gied ye mony a half-crown—But ye'll no deny what I am saying now, lass?"

"I ken naething at a' about it," answered Rebecca, doggedly, and looking straight forward with the firm countenance of one not disposed to be compelled to remember more than was agreeable to her.

"Weel said, Rebecca! ye're satisfied wi' your ain share ony way," rejoined the tobacconist.—The buck of the second-head,

for a buck of the first-head he was not, had hitherto been slapping his boots with his switch-whip, and looking like a spoiled child that has lost its supper. His murmurs, however, were all vented inwardly, or at most in a soliloquy such as this— "I am sorry, by G—, I ever plagued myself about her—I came here, by G—, one night to drink tea, and I left King, and the duke's rider Will Hack. They were toasting a round of running horses; by G—, I might have got leave to wear the jacket as well as other folk, if I had carried it on with them—and she has not so much as left me that hundred!"

"We'll make the payment of the note quite agreeable," said Mr Protocol, who had no wish to increase at that moment the odium attached to his office—"And now, gentlemen, I fancy we have no more to wait for here, and—I shall put the settlement of my excellent and worthy friend on record to-morrow, that every gentleman may examine the contents, and have

free access to take an extract; and"—He proceeded to lock up the repositories of the deceased with more speed than he had opened them—"Mrs Rebecca, ye'll be so kind as to keep all right here until we can let the house—I had an offer this morning, if such a thing should be, and if I was to have any management."——

Our friend Dinmont, having had his hopes as well as another, had hitherto sate sulky enough in the arm-chair formerly appropriated to the deceased, and in which she would have been not a little scandalized to have seen this colossal specimen of the masculine gender lolling at length. His employment had been rolling up, into the form of a coiled snake, the long lash of his horse-whip, and then letting it uncoil itself into the middle of the floor.—The first words he said when he had digested the shock, contained a magnanimous declaration, which he probably was not conscious of having uttered aloud—"Weel —blude's thicker than water—she's wel-

come to the cheeses and the hams just the same." But when the trustee had made the above-mentioned motion for the mourners to depart, and talked of the house being immediately let, honest Dinmont got upon his feet, and stunned the company with this blunt question; "And what's to come o' this poor lassie then, Jenny Gibson? Sae mony o' us as thought oursells sib to the family when the gear was parting, we may do something for her amang us surely." This proposal seemed to dispose most of the assembly instantly to evacuate the premises, although upon Mr Protocol's motion they had lingered as if around the grave of their disappointed hopes. Drumquag said, or rather muttered, something of having a family of his own, and took precedence, in virtue of his gentle blood, to depart as fast as possible. The tobacconist sturdily stood forward and scouted the motion— "A little huzzie like that was weel eneugh provided for already; and Mr Protocol at ony rate was the proper person to take di-

rection of her, as he had charge of her legacy;" and after uttering such his opinion in a steady and decisive tone of voice, he also left the place. The buck made a stupid and brutal attempt at a jest upon Mrs Bertram's recommendation that the poor girl should be taught some honest trade; but encountered a scowl from Colonel Mannering's darkening eye (to whom, in his ignorance of the tone of good society, he had looked for applause) that made him ache to the very back-bone. He shuffled down stairs therefore, as fast as possible.

Protocol, who was really a good sort of man, next expressed his intention to take a temporary charge of the young lady, under protest always, that his so doing should be considered as merely eleemosynary; when Dinmont at length got up, and, having shaken his huge dreadnought great-coat, as a Newfoundland dog does his shaggy hide when he comes out of the water, ejaculated, "Weel, deil hae me then,

if ye hae ony fash wi' her, Mr Protocol; if she likes to gang hame wi' me that is. Ye see, Ailie and me we're weel to pass, and we would like the lassies to hae a wee bit mair lair than oursells, and to be neighbour like—that wad we.—And ye see she canna miss but to ken manners, and the like o' reading books, and sewing seams, having lived sae lang wi' a grand lady like Lady Singleside; or if she does na ken ony thing about it, I'm jealous that our bairns will like her a' the better. And I'll take care o' the bits o' claes, and what spending siller she maun hae, and the hundred pound may rin on in your hands, Mr Protocol, and I'll be adding something till't, till she'll may be get a Liddesdale joe that wants something to help to buy the hirsel.—What d'ye say to that, hinny? I'll take out a ticket for ye in the fly to Jeddart—odd, but ye maun take a poney after that o'er the Limestane-rig—deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale;—and I'll be very glad if Mrs

Rebecca comes wi' you, hinny, and stays a month or twa while you're stranger like."

While Mrs Rebecca was curtseying, and endeavouring to make the poor orphan girl curtsey instead of crying, and while Dandie, in his rough way, was encouraging them both, old Pleydell had recourse to his snuff-box. "It's meat and drink to me, now, Colonel," he said, as he recovered himself, "to see a clown like this—I must gratify him in his own way, must assist him to ruin himself—there's no help for it.—Here, you Liddesdale—Dandie—Charlies-hope—what do they call you?"

The farmer turned, infinitely gratified even by this sort of notice, for in his heart, next to his own landlord, he honoured a lawyer in high practice.

"So you will not be advised against trying that question about your marches?"

"N—no, sir—naebody likes to lose their right, and to be laughed at down the hail water. But since your honour's no agreeable, and is may be a friend to the

other side like, we maun try some other advocate."

"There—I told you so, Colonel Mannering!—Well, sir, if you must needs be a fool, the business is to give you the luxury of a law-suit at the least possible expence, and to bring you off conqueror if possible. Let Mr Protocol send me your papers, and I will advise him how to conduct your cause. I don't see, after all, why you should not have your law-suits too, and your feuds in the court of Session, as well as your forefathers had their manslaughters and fire-raisings."

"Very natural, to be sure, sir. We wad just take the auld gate as readily, if it were na for the law. And as the law binds us, the law should loose us. Besides, a man's aye the better thought o' in our country for having been afore the feifteen."

"Excellently argued, my friend! Away with you, and send your papers to me.—Come, Colonel, we have no more to do here."

"God, we'll ding Jock o' Dawston Cleugh now after a'," said Dinmont, slapping his thigh in great exultation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

——— I am going to the parliament;
You understand this bag: If you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.

Little French Lawyer.

"WILL you be able to carry this honest fellow's cause for him?" said Mannering.

"Why, I don't know; the battle is not to the strong, but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest of our profession, that we seldom see the best side of human nature. People come to us with every selfish feeling newly pointed and grinded; they turn down the very caulkers of their animosities and prejudices, as smiths do with

horses' shoes in a white frost. Many a man has come to my garret yonder, that I have at first longed to pitch out at the window, and yet, at length, have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreasonable. I have now satisfied myself, that if our profession sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is as affording the only channel through which they can vent themselves. In civilized society, law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put every one's eyes out—no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty.—But we will take care our Liddesdale-man's cause is well conducted and well argued, so all unnecessary expence will be saved—he shall have his pine-apple at wholesale price."

"Will you do me the pleasure," said Mannering as they parted, "to dine with

me at my lodgings? my landlord says he has a bit of red-deer venison, and some excellent wine?"

"Venison—eh? But no! it's impossible—and I can't ask you home neither. Monday's a sacred day—so's Tuesday—and Wednesday, we are to be heard in the great teind case in presence—but stay—it's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and that venison would keep till Thursday"——

"You will dine with me that day?"

"Under certification."

"Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of spending a week here; and if the venison will not keep, why we will see what else our landlord can do for us."

"O, the venison will keep," said Pleydell; "and now good bye—look at these two or three cards, and deliver them if you like the addresses. I wrote them for you this morning—farewell, my clerk has been waiting this hour to begin a d—d information."—And away walked Mr Pley-

dell with great activity, diving through closes and ascending covered stairs, in order to attain the High-Street by an access, which, compared to the common route, was what the Streights of Magellan are to the more circuitous, but open passage around Cape Horn.

Upon looking at the cards of introduction which Pleydell had thrust into his hand, Mannering was gratified with seeing that they were addressed to some of the first literary characters of Scotland. "To David Hume, Esq." "To John Home." "To Dr Ferguson." "To Dr Black." "To Lord Kaimes." "To Mr Hutton." "To John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin." "To Adam Smith, Esq." "To Dr Robertson."——

"Upon my word, my legal friend has a good selection of acquaintances—these are names pretty widely blown indeed—an East-Indian must rub up his faculties a little, and put his mind in order, before he enters this sort of society."

Mannering gladly availed himself of these introductions; and we regret deeply it is not in our power to give the reader an account of the pleasure and information which he received, in admission to a circle never closed against strangers of sense and information, and which has perhaps at no period been equalled, considering the depth and variety of talent which it embraced and concentrated.

Upon the Thursday appointed, Mr Pleydell made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannering lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret excellent, and the learned counsel, a professed amateur in the affairs of the table, did distinguished honour to both. I am uncertain, however, if even the good cheer gave him more satisfaction than the presence of Dominie Sampson, from whom, in his own juridical style of wit, he contrived to extract great amusement, both for himself and one or two friends whom the Colonel regaled on the same occasion. The grave

and laconic simplicity of Sampson's answers to the insidious questions of the barrister, placed the *bonhommie* of his character in a more luminous point of view than Mannering had yet seen it. Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quantity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though generally speaking, useless learning.—The lawyer afterwards compared his mind to the magazine of a pawnbroker, stowed with goods of every description, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganization, that the owner can never lay his hands upon any one article at the moment he has occasion for it.

As for the advocate himself, he afforded at least as much exercise to Sampson as he extracted amusement from him. When the man of law began to get into his altitudes, and his wit, naturally shrewd and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Dominie looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we can conceive a tame bear might regard his fu-

ture associate the monkey upon their being first introduced to each other. It was Mr Pleydell's delight to state in grave and serious argument some position which he knew the Dominie would be inclined to dispute. He then beheld with exquisite pleasure the internal labour with which the honest man arranged his ideas for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers to bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for demolishing the schismatic or heretical opinion which had been stated—when, behold, before the ordnance could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post, and appeared in a new position of annoyance on the Dominie's flank or rear. Often did he exclaim "prodigious!" when, marching up to the enemy in full confidence of victory, he found the field evacuated, and it may be supposed that it cost him no little labour to attempt a new formation. "He was like a native Indian army," the Colonel said, "formidable by numerical strength and size of ord-

nance, but liable to be thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement to take them in flank."—On the whole, however, the Dominie, though somewhat fatigued with these mental exertions, made at unusual speed and upon the pressure of the moment, reckoned this one of the white days of his life, and always mentioned Mr Pleydell as a very erudite and facetious person.

By degrees the rest of the party dropped off, and left these three gentlemen together. Their conversation turned to Mrs Bertram's settlements. "Now what could drive it into the noddle of that old harridan," said Pleydell, "to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram, under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has been so long dead and gone?—I ask your pardon, Mr Sampson, I forgot what an affecting case this was for you—I remember taking your examination upon it —and I never had so much trouble to make any one speak three words conse-

cutively.—You may speak of your Pythagoreans, or your silent Bramins, Colonel; go to, I tell you this learned gentleman beats them in all taciturnity; but the words of the wise are precious, and not to be thrown away lightly."

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, taking his blue-checqued handkerchief from his eyes; "that was a bitter day with me indeed; aye, and a day of grief hard to be borne; but He giveth strength who layeth on the load."

Colonel Mannering took this opportunity to request Mr Pleydell to inform him of the particulars attending the loss of the boy; and the counsellor, who was fond of talking upon subjects of criminal jurisprudence, especially when connected with his own experience, went through the circumstances at full length. "And what is your opinion upon the result of the whole?"

"O, that Kennedy was murdered: it's an old case which has occurred on that

coast before now; the case of Smuggler *versus* Exciseman."

"What then is your conjecture concerning the fate of the child?"

"O, murdered too, doubtless. He was old enough to tell what he had seen; and these scoundrels would not scruple committing a second Bethlehem massacre if they thought their interest required it."

The Dominie groaned deeply, and ejaculated, "Enormous!"

"Yet there was mention of gypsies in the business too, counsellor, and from what that vulgar-looking fellow said after the funeral"——

"Mrs Margaret Bertram's idea that the child was alive, was founded upon the report of a gypsey—I envy you the concatenation, Colonel; it is a shame to me not to have drawn the same conclusion. We'll follow this business up instantly.—Here, hark ye, waiter, go down to Luckie Wood's in the Cowgate; ye'll find my clerk Dri-

ver; he'll be set down to High-Jinks by this time; (for we and our retainers, Colonel, are exceedingly regular in our irregularities;) tell him to come here instantly, and I will pay his forfeits."

"He won't appear in character, will he?"

"Ah! no more of that, Hal! an thou lovest me.—But we must have some news from the land of Egypt, if possible. O, if I had but hold of the slightest thread of this complicated skean, you should see how I should unravel it!—I would work the truth out of your Bohemian, as the French call them, better than a *Monitoire*, or a *Plainte de Tournelle*; I know how to manage a refractory witness."

While Mr Pleydell was thus vaunting his knowledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered with Mr Driver, his mouth still greasy with mutton pies, and the froth of the last draught of twopenny yet unsubsided on his upper lip, with such speed had he obeyed the commands of his prin-

cipal.—"Driver, you must go instantly and find out the woman who was old Mrs Margaret Bertram's maid. Enquire for her everywhere; but if you find it necessary to have recourse to Protocol, Quid the tobacconist, or any other of these folks, you will take care not to appear yourself, but send some woman of your acquaintance; I dare say you know enough that may be so condescending as to oblige you. When you have found her out, engage her to come to my chambers to-morrow at eight o'clock precisely."

"What shall I say to make her forthcoming?" asked the aid-de-camp.

"Any thing you chuse. Is it my business to make lies for you, do you think? But let her be *in presentia* by eight o'clock, as I have said before." The clerk grinned, made his reverence, and exit.

"That's a useful fellow," said the counsellor; "I don't believe his match ever carried a process. He'll write to my dictating three nights in the week without

sleep, or, what's the same thing, he writes as well and correctly when he's asleep as when he's awake. Then he's such a steady fellow—some of them are always changing their ale-houses, so that they have twenty cadies sweating after them, like the bare-headed captains traversing the taverns of East-Cheap in search of Sir John Falstaff. But this is a steady fellow—he has his winter seat by the fire, and his summer seat by the window, in Luckie Wood's, betwixt which seats are his only migrations; there he's to be found at all times when he is off duty. It is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep—sheer ale supports him under every thing. It is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing."

"And is he always fit for duty upon a sudden turn-out? I should distrust it, considering his quarters."

"O, drink never disturbs him, Colonel, he can write for hours after he cannot speak. I remember being called sudden-

ly to draw an appeal case. I had been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had ill will to begin to it—however, they got me down to Clerihugh's, and there we sate birling till I had a fair tappit hen under my belt, and then they persuaded me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver, and it was all that two men could do to bear him in, for when found, he was, as it happened, both motionless and speechless. But no sooner was his pen put between his fingers, his paper stretched before him, and he heard my voice, than he began to write like a scrivener—and, excepting that we were obliged to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scrolled more handsomely."

"But how did your joint production look the next morning?" said the Colonel.

"Wheugh! capital—not three words required to be altered; it was sent off by that day's post.—But you'll come and

breakfast with me to-morrow, and hear this woman's examination?"

"Why, your hour is rather early."

"Can't make it later. If I were not on the boards of the outer-house precisely as the nine-hours bell rings, there would be a report that I had got an apoplexy, and I should feel the effects of it all the rest of the session."

"Well, I will make an exertion to wait upon you."

Here the company broke up for the evening.

In the morning Colonel Mannering appeared at the counsellor's chambers, although cursing the raw air of a Scottish morning in December. Mr Pleydell had got Mrs Rebecca installed on one side of his fire, accommodated her with a cup of chocolate, and was already deeply engaged in conversation with her. "O, no, I assure you, Mrs Rebecca, there is no intention to challenge your mistress's will, and I give you my word of honour that your

legacy is quite safe. You deserved it by your conduct to your mistress, and I wish it had been twice as much."

"Why, to be sure, sir, it's no right to mention what is said before ane. Ye heard how that dirty body Quid cast up to me the bits o' compliments he gied me, and tell'd ower again ony loose cracks I might hae had wi' him; now if ane was talking loosely to your honour, there's nae saying what might come o't."

"I assure you, my good Rebecca, my character and your own age and appearance are your security, if you should talk as loosely as an amatory poet."

"Aweel, if your honour thinks I am safe—the story is just this.—Ye see, about a year ago, or no just sae lang, my leddy was advised to go to Gilsland for a while, for her spirits were distressing her sair. Ellangowan's troubles began to be spoken o' publicly, and sair vexed she was, for she was proud o' her family. —For Ellangowan himsell and her, they

sometimes 'greed, and sometimes no—but at last they did na 'gree at a' for twa or three years—for he was aye wanting to borrow siller, and that was what she could na bide at no hand, and she was aye wanting it paid back again, and that the Laird he likit as little. So they were clean aff thegither.—And then some o' the company at Gilsland tells her that the estate was to be sell'd; and ye wad hae thought she had taen an ill will at Miss Lucy Bertram frae that moment, for mony a time she cried to me, "O, Becky, O, Becky, if that useless peenging thing o' a lassie there, at Ellangowan, that canna keep her ne'er-do-weel father within bounds—if she had been but a lad-bairn, they could nae hae sell'd the auld inheritance for that fool-body's debts,"—and she would rin on that way till I was just wearied to hear her.—And ae day at the spaw-well below the craig, she was seeing a very bonny family o' bairns—they belanged to ane Mac-Crosky—and she broke out—'Is not

it an odd thing that ilka waf carle in the country has a son and heir, and that the house of Ellangowan is without male succession?' There was a gypsey wife stood ahint and heard her—a muckle stoor fearsome-looking wife she was as ever I set een on,—'Wha is it,' says she, 'that dare say the house of Ellangowan will perish without male succession?' My mistress just turned on her—she was a high-spirited woman, and aye ready wi' an answer to a' body. 'It's me that says it,' says she, 'that may say it wi' a sad heart.' Wi' that the gypsey wife grippit till her hand, 'I ken you weel eneugh,' says she, 'though ye ken na me—But as sure as that sun's in heaven, and as sure as that water's rinning to the sea, and as sure as there's an e'e that sees, and an ear that hears us baith—Harry Bertram, that was thought to perish at Warroch Point, never did die there—he was to have a weary weird o't till his ane-and-twentieth year, that was aye said o' him—but if ye live and I live, ye'll hear mair o' him

this winter before the snaw lies twa days on the Dun of Singleside—I want nane o' your siller,' she said, 'to make ye think I am blearing your e'e—fare ye weel till after Martimas,' and there she left us standing."

"Was she a very tall woman?" interrupted Mannering.

"Had she black hair, black eyes, and a cut above the *brow*?" added the lawyer.

"She was the tallest woman I ever saw, and her hair was as black as midnight, unless where it was grey, and she had a scar abune the brow, that ye might hae laid the lith of your finger in. Naebody that's seen her will ever forget her; and I am morally sure that it was on the ground o' what that gypsey-woman said that my mistress made her will, having ta'en a dislike at the young leddy o' Ellangowan. And she liked her far waur after she was obliged to send her 20l.—for she said, Miss Bertram, no content wi' letting the Ellangowan property pass into strange hands,

owing to her being a lass and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and a disgrace to Singleside too. But I hope my mistress's is a good will for a' that, for it would be hard on me to lose the wee bit legacy—I served for little fee and bountith, weel I wot."

The counsellor relieved her fears on this head, then enquired after Jenny Gibson, and understood she had accepted Mr Dinmont's offer; "and I have done sae mysell too, since he was sae discreet as to ask me," said Mrs Rebecca; "they are very decent folk the Dinmonts, though my leddy did nae dow to hear muckle about the friends on that side the house. But she liked the Charlies-hope hams, and the cheeses, and the moor-fowl, that they were aye sending, and the lamb's-wool hose and mittens—she liked them weel aneuch."

Mr Pleydell now dismissed Mrs Rebecca. When she was gone, "I think I know the gypsey-woman," said the lawyer.

"I was just going to say the same," replied Mannering.

"And her name," said Pleydell——

"Is Meg Merrilies," answered the Colonel.

"Are you avised of that?" said the counsellor, looking at his military friend with a comic expression of surprise.

Mannering answered, that he had known such a woman when he was at Ellangowen twenty-five years before; and then made his learned friend acquainted with all the remarkable particulars of his first visit there.

Mr Pleydell listened with great attention, and then replied, "I congratulated myself upon having made the acquaintance of a profound theologian in your chaplain, but I really did not expect to find a pupil of Albumazar or Messahala in his patron.—I have a notion, however, this gypsey could tell us some more of the matter than she derives from astrology or second-sight—I had her through hands

once, and could then make little of her, but I must write to Mac-Morlan to stir heaven and earth to find her out.—I will gladly come to —— shire myself to assist at her examination—I am still in the commission of the peace there, though I have ceased to be sheriff—I never had any thing more at heart in my life than tracing that murder, and the fate of the child. I must write to the Sheriff of Roxburghshire too, and to an active justice of peace in Cumberland."

"I hope when you come to the country you will make Woodbourne your head quarters?"

"Certainly; I was afraid you were going to forbid me—but we must go to breakfast now, or I shall be too late."

On the following day the new friends parted, and the Colonel rejoined his family without any adventure worthy of being detailed in these chapters.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.